MARVEL
16th Nov. '85
№335 30p

THE TRANSFORMERS™

HEROIC AUTOBOT

CREATING THE CONSTRUCTICONS!

Four million years ago they came from **Cybertron**, a world composed entirely of machinery . . . a world torn by an age-old war between the heroic **Autobots** and the evil **Decepticons**. These incredibly powerful living robots, capable of converting themselves into land and air vehicles, weapons and other mechanical forms, continue their conflict here on **Earth**. They are . . .

THE TRANSFORMERS

BLACKROCK AEROSPACE ASSEMBLY PLANT NUMBER ONE, IN A SUBURB OF PORTLAND, OREGON...
ALL IS IN READINESS!
THE NEXT GENERATION OF DECEPTICONS IS ABOUT TO BE BORN, AND YOU, OPTIMUS PRIME, ARE TO BE ITS PARENT! IT IS LOGICAL TO ASSUME SUCH AN ACHIEVEMENT WILL SWELL YOUR CIRCUITS WITH PRIDE!
I FEEL ONLY LOATHING TOWARD YOU, SHOCKWAVE -- FOR FORCING ME TO BE A PART OF THIS OBSCENE ACT... BUT I ABHORE MYSELF EVEN MORE SO, FOR I AM SOLELY RESPONSIBLE FOR INFLICTING THE THREAT OF THE TRANSFORMERS VERY PRESENCE ON THE NOBLE BEINGS OF THIS WORLD IN THE FIRST PLACE!
WHAT ARE THEY TALKING ABOUT, GABE?
I STOPPED TRYING TO UNDERSTAND THESE WIRE-BRAINS AS SOON AS THEY TOOK OVER THIS PLANT, FERDY. I JUST DO WHAT I'M TOLD AND DON'T ASK QUESTIONS!

THE NEXT BEST THING TO BEING THERE!

A BACK IN TRANSFORMERS #26.

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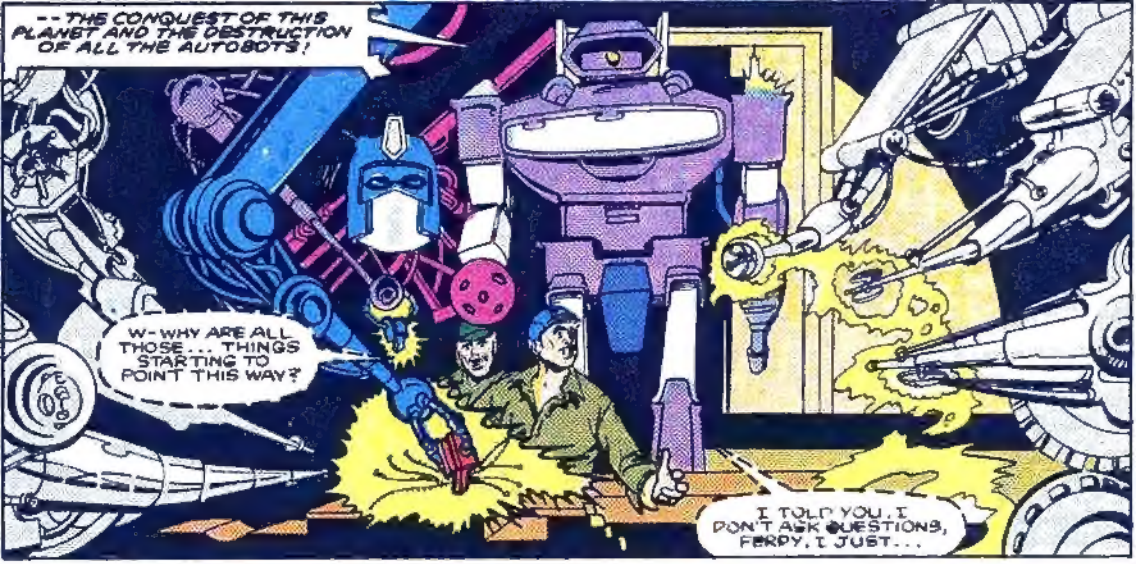
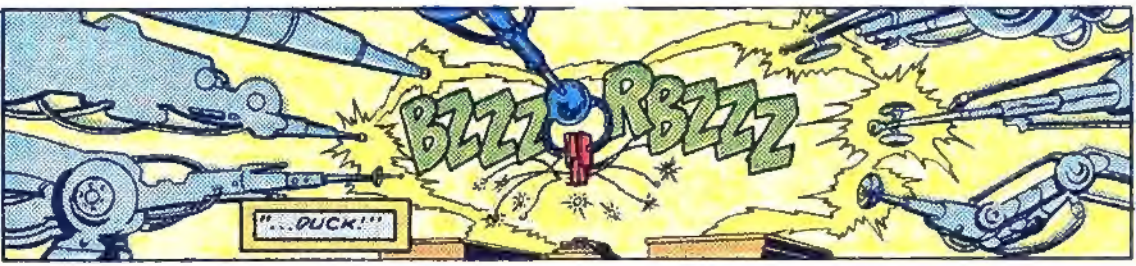
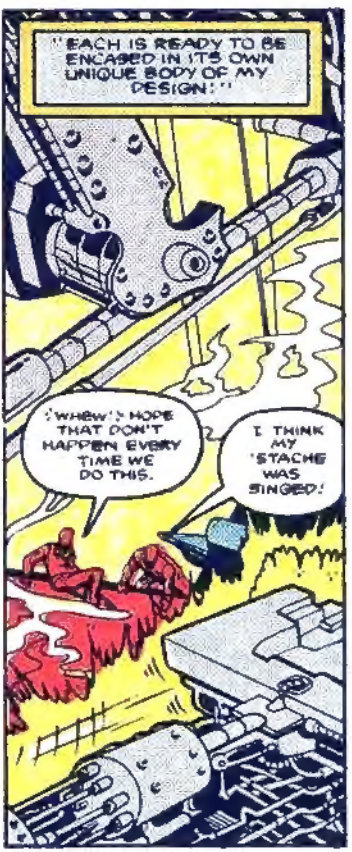
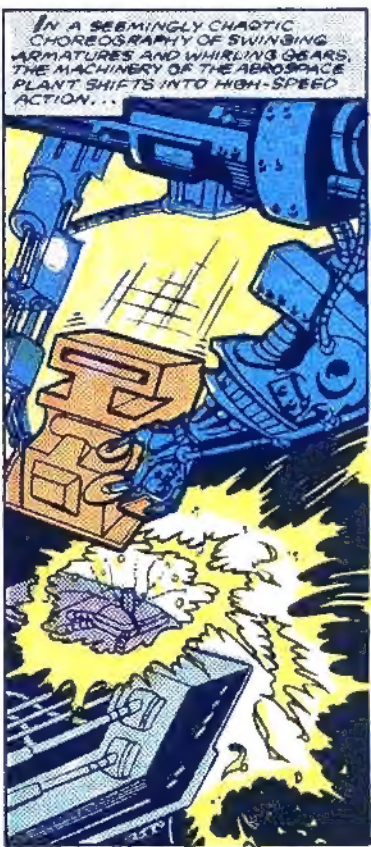

--THE CONQUEST OF THIS PLANET AND THE OBSTRUCTION OF ALL THE AUTOBOTS!
W-WHY ARE ALL THOSE... THINGS STARTING TO POINT THIS WAY?
I TOLD YOU, I DON'T ASK QUESTIONS, FERDY, I JUST...


BZZZ RBZZZ
"...DUCK!"

SHOCKWAVE CONTINUES:
"THE BRAIN MODULES ARE NOW FULLY ENLARGED!


"EACH IS READY TO BE ENCASED IN ITS OWN UNIQUE BODY OF MY DESIGN!"
"WHEW! I HOPE THAT DON'T HAPPEN EVERY TIME WE DO THIS.
I THINK MY 'STACHE WAS SINGED!


IN A SEEMINGLY CHAOTIC CHOREOGRAPHY OF SWINGING ARMATURES AND WHIRLING GEARS, THE MACHINERY OF THE ABROSPACE PLANT SHIFTS INTO HIGH-SPEED ACTION...

YOUR COMPASSION FOR THE PRIMITIVE, ORGANICALLY EVOLVED CREATURES OF THIS PATHETIC PLANET DEFIES ALL REASON, OPTIMUS PRIME. EVEN AS ENSLAVED DRONE-WORKERS THEIR VALUE IS LIMITED. HOW YOU WERE ABLE TO COMMAND THE *AUTOBOTS* FOR SO LONG WITH SUCH A SERIOUS WEAKNESS OF CHARACTER CONFOUNDS MY LOGIC CENTRE!

BUT THAT IS YOUR PAST, AND IS OF NO CONCERN NOW--NOT WHEN WE ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE *VERY ACT OF CREATION ITSELF!*

"OBSERVE NOW AS THE PROCESS BEGINS--EACH OF THE SIX CAREFULLY PREPARED BRAIN MODULES...

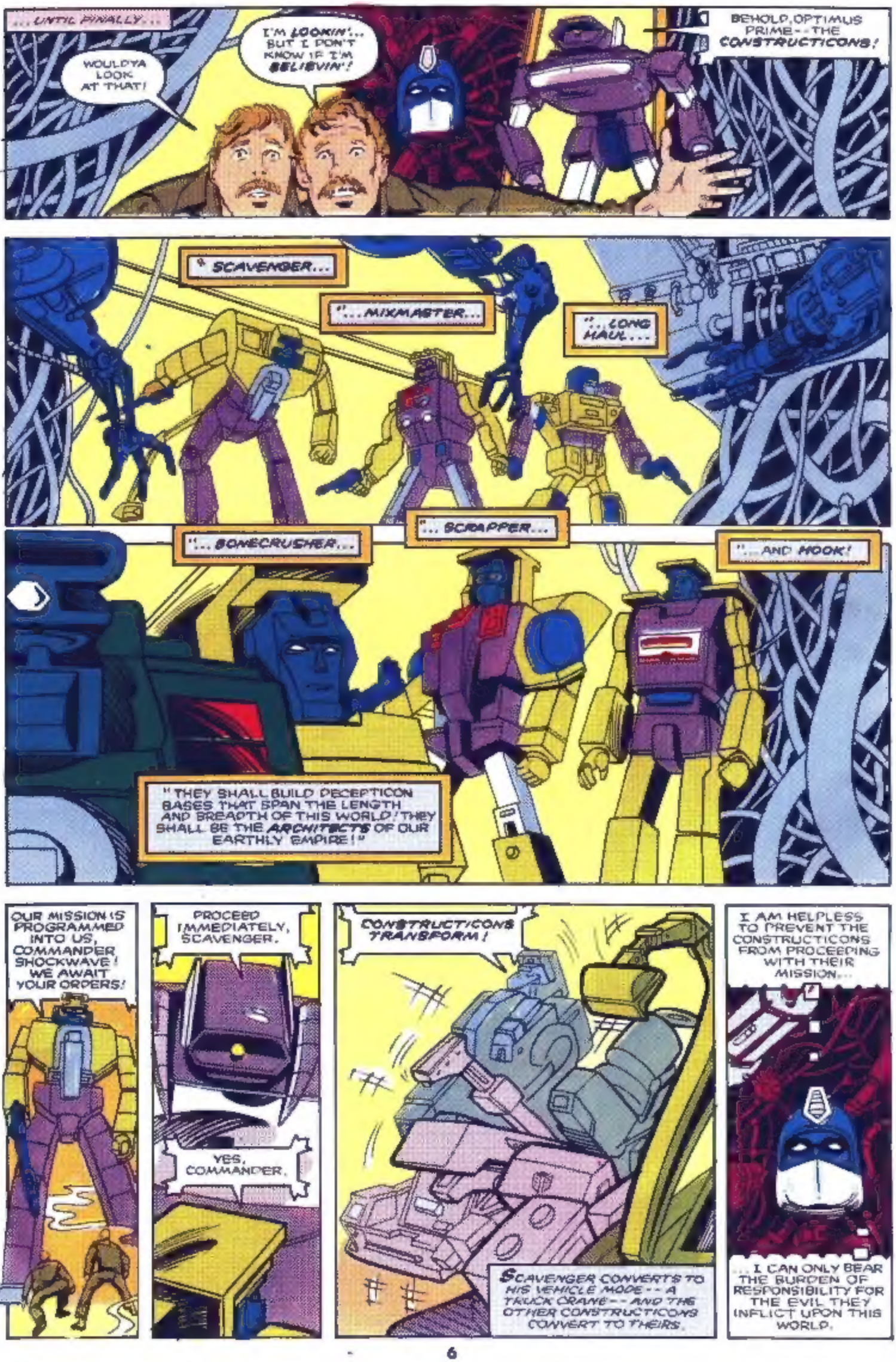
"...ALREADY PULSATES WITH THE LIFE INFUSED WITHIN THEM BY YOUR *CREATION MATRIX*--THE LEGENDARY LIFE-GIVING PROGRAM OF OUR NATIVE PLANET *CYBERTRON*, THAT ONLY A SELECT FEW LIKE YOURSELF HAVE POSSESSED.

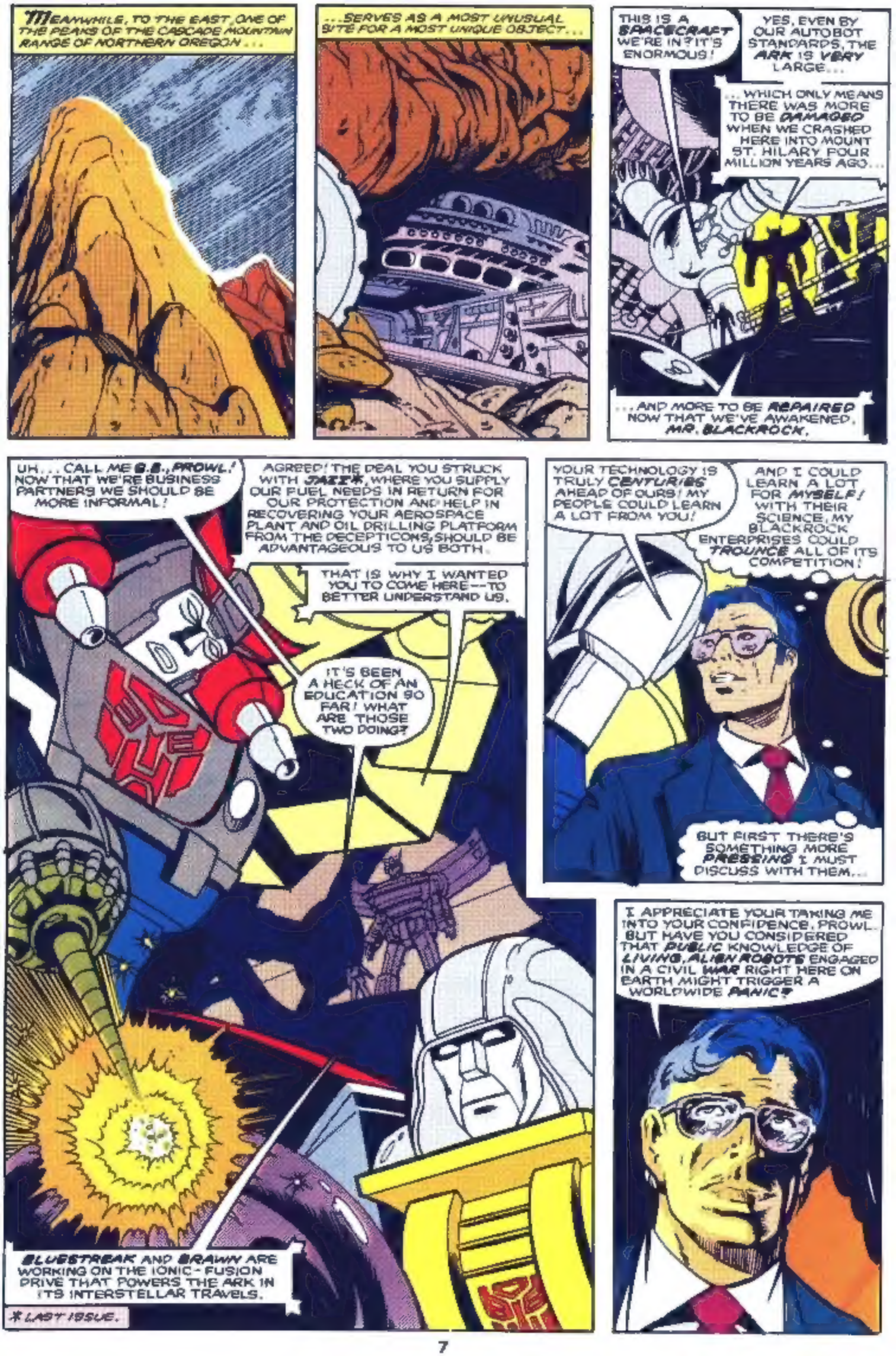
*TRANSFORMERS #6.

"SEE HOW IN MERE MOMENTS THEIR PRINTED CIRCUITS ARE FLOODED WITH DATA--

"--THEIR MICROCHIPS ARE ENCODED WITH THEIR FUNCTIONS--

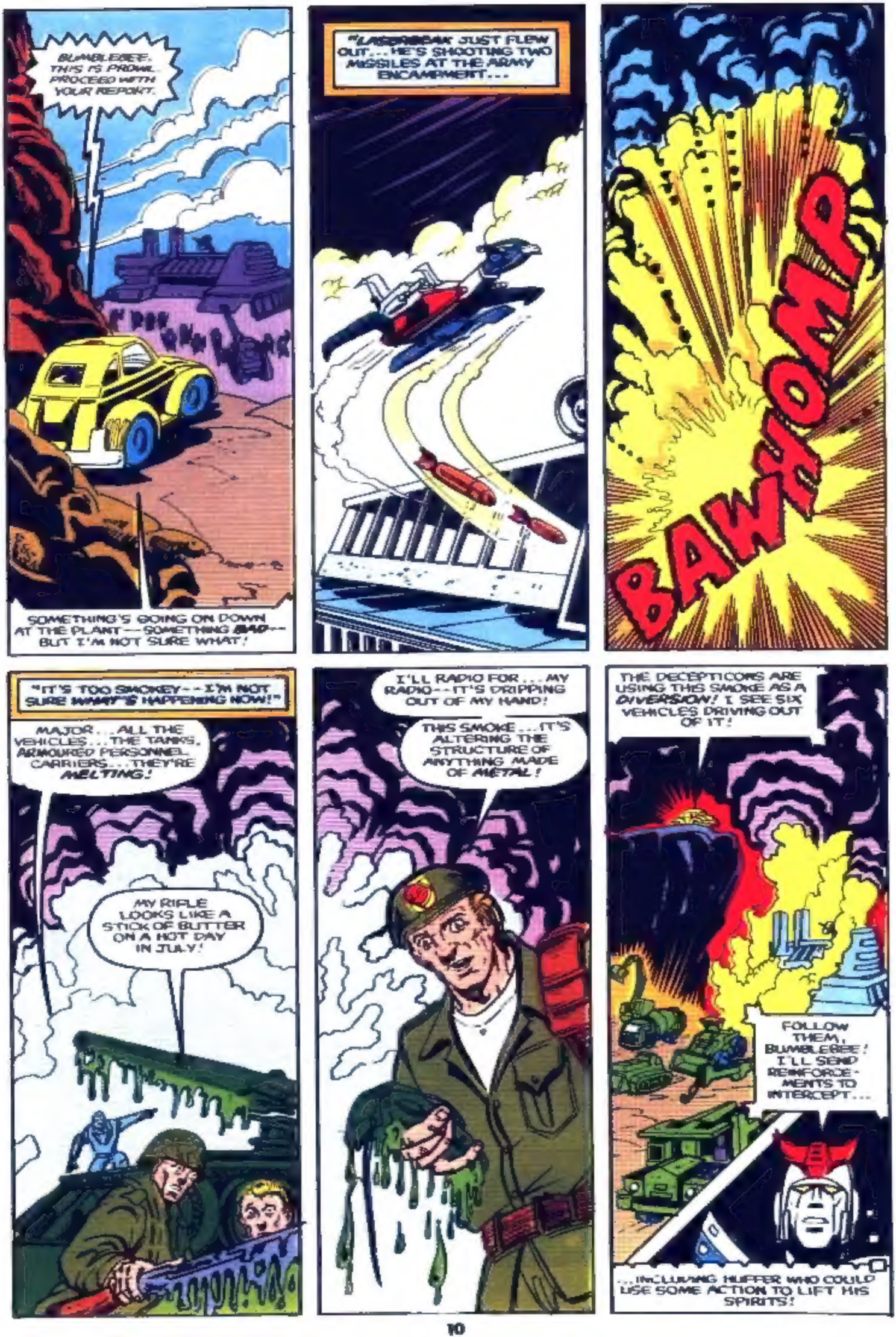
"--THEIR VERY *BEINGS* ARE STAMPED WITH THEIR ULTIMATE PURPOSE--"

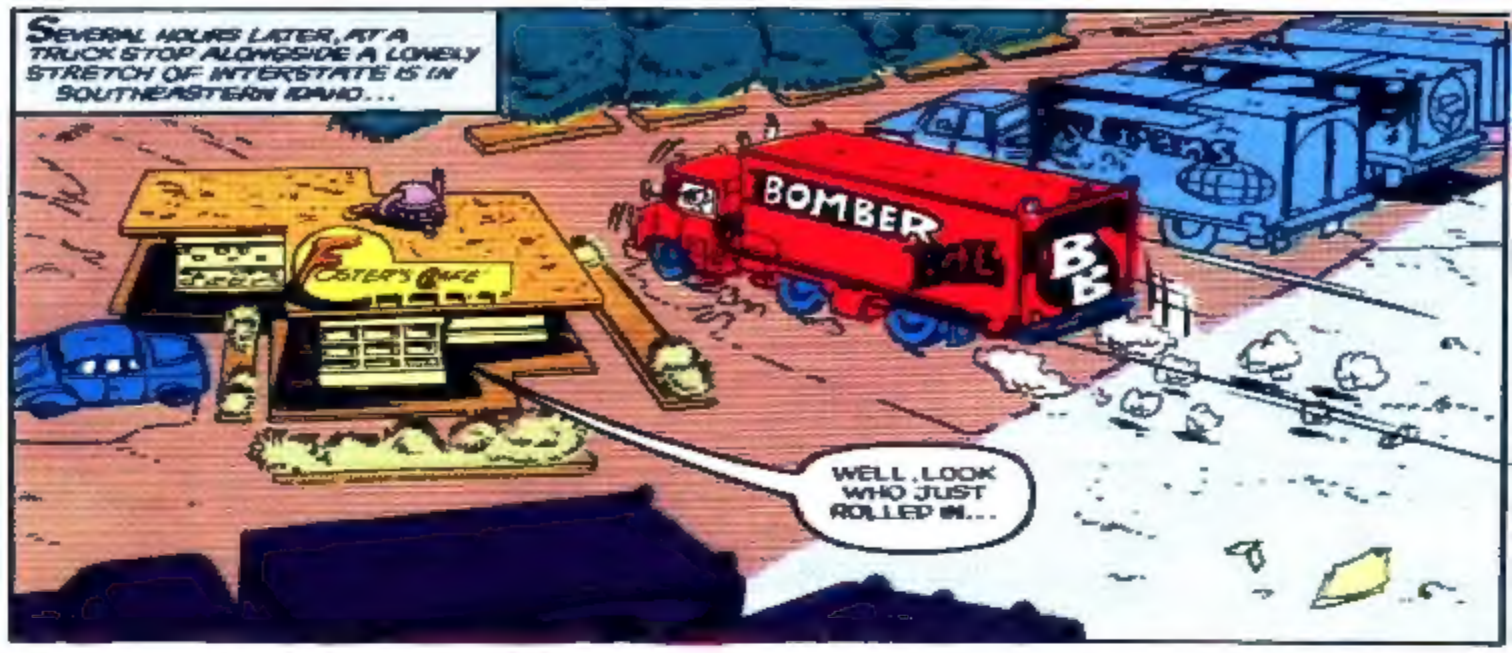

...UNTIL FINALLY...
WOULDYA LOOK AT THAT!
I'M LOOKIN'... BUT I DON'T KNOW IF I'M BELIEVIN'!
BEHOLD, OPTIMUS PRIME--THE CONSTRUCTICONS!
"...SCAVENGER...
"...MIXMASTER...
"...LONG HAUL...
"...BONECRUSHER...
"...SCRAPPER...
"...AND HOOK!
"THEY SHALL BUILD DECEPTICON BASES THAT SPAN THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF THIS WORLD! THEY SHALL BE THE ARCHITECTS OF OUR EARTHLY EMPIRE!"
OUR MISSION IS PROGRAMMED INTO US, COMMANDER SHOCKWAVE! WE AWAIT YOUR ORDERS!
PROCEED IMMEDIATELY, SCAVENGER.
YES, COMMANDER.
CONSTRUCTICONS TRANSFORM!
SCAVENGER CONVERTS TO HIS VEHICLE MODE--A TRUCK CRANE--AND THE OTHER CONSTRUCTICONS CONVERT TO THEIRS.
I AM HELPLESS TO PREVENT THE CONSTRUCTICONS FROM PROCEEDING WITH THEIR MISSION...
...I CAN ONLY BEAR THE BURDEN OF RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE EVIL THEY INFLICT UPON THIS WORLD.

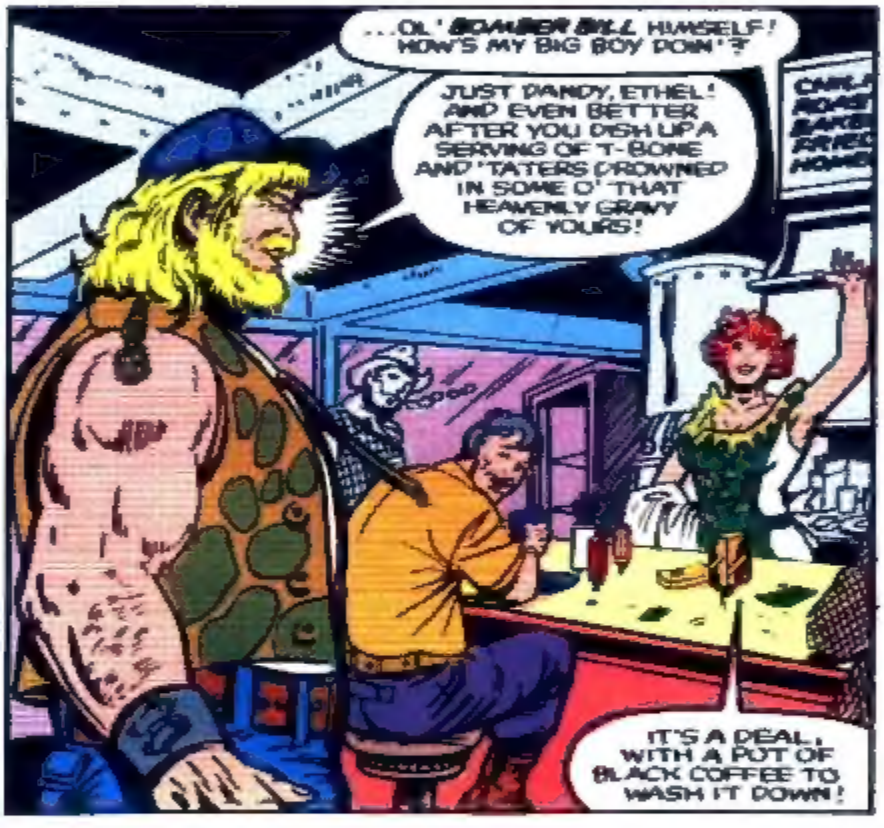

MEANWHILE, TO THE EAST, ONE OF THE PEAKS OF THE CASCADE MOUNTAIN RANGE OF NORTHERN OREGON...
...SERVES AS A MOST UNUSUAL SITE FOR A MOST UNIQUE OBJECT...
THIS IS A SPACECRAFT WE'RE IN? IT'S ENORMOUS!
YES, EVEN BY OUR AUTOBOT STANDARDS, THE ARK IS VERY LARGE...
...WHICH ONLY MEANS THERE WAS MORE TO BE DAMAGED WHEN WE CRASHED HERE INTO MOUNT ST. HILARY FOUR MILLION YEARS AGO...
...AND MORE TO BE REPAIRED NOW THAT WE'VE AWAKENED, MR. BLACKROCK.
UH... CALL ME G.B., PROWL! NOW THAT WE'RE BUSINESS PARTNERS WE SHOULD BE MORE INFORMAL!
AGREED! THE DEAL YOU STRUCK WITH JAZZ*, WHERE YOU SUPPLY OUR FUEL NEEDS IN RETURN FOR OUR PROTECTION AND HELP IN RECOVERING YOUR AEROSPACE PLANT AND OIL DRILLING PLATFORM FROM THE DECEPTICONS, SHOULD BE ADVANTAGEOUS TO US BOTH.
THAT IS WHY I WANTED YOU TO COME HERE--TO BETTER UNDERSTAND US.
IT'S BEEN A HECK OF AN EDUCATION SO FAR! WHAT ARE THOSE TWO DOING?
BLUESTREAK AND BRAWN ARE WORKING ON THE IONIC-FUSION DRIVE THAT POWERS THE ARK IN ITS INTERSTELLAR TRAVELS.
* LAST ISSUE.
YOUR TECHNOLOGY IS TRULY CENTURIES AHEAD OF OURS! MY PEOPLE COULD LEARN A LOT FROM YOU!
AND I COULD LEARN A LOT FOR MYSELF! WITH THEIR SCIENCE, MY BLACKROCK ENTERPRISES COULD TROUNCE ALL OF ITS COMPETITION!
BUT FIRST THERE'S SOMETHING MORE PRESSING I MUST DISCUSS WITH THEM...
I APPRECIATE YOUR TAKING ME INTO YOUR CONFIDENCE, PROWL. BUT HAVE YOU CONSIDERED THAT PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE OF LIVING, ALIEN ROBOTS ENGAGED IN A CIVIL WAR RIGHT HERE ON EARTH MIGHT TRIGGER A WORLDWIDE PANIC?

YES, THAT THOUGHT HAD OCCURRED TO US, TOO. IT IS NOT OUR DESIRE TO BE A DESTRUCTIVE INFLUENCE AND WE AUTOBOTS ARE COMMITTED TO HIDING OUR PRESENCE AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE!
I NEVER SEEM TO RUN SHORT OF PATIENTS--JUST SPARE PARTS!
UNFORTUNATELY, I CANNOT SPEAK FOR THE DECEPTICONS.
SKEE!
AH, HERE IS OUR REPAIR BAY, THE PRIVATE KINGDOM OF CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER RATCHET!
WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD, G.B.? HOW'S OUR PARTNERSHIP WORKING OUT?
YOU LOST AN ENTIRE ARM IN BATTLE--HOW CAN YOU JUST SIT THERE AND--
HEY, DON'T BLOW A FUSE! SURE WE GET HURT, BUT WE CAN ADJUST OUR SENSORY CIRCUITRY, REWIRE IT TO SHUT OFF THE PAIN! THEN, A FEW TURNS OF A HYPO-SCREWDRIVER AND DOC RATCHET HAS US RUNNING LIKE WE'RE FRESH OFF THE ASSEMBLY LINE!
CHECK OUT THIS NEW ARM! LIKE THEY SAY ON EARTH, "WE TAKE A LICKING, BUT KEEP ON TICKING!"
YES, BUT...
...WHAT ABOUT HIM?
POOR OL' SUNSTREAKER--DOC'S NOT SURE IF HE'LL EVER BE OPERATIONAL AGAIN.
JUST LIKE EARTHLY WARS, OURS TOO HAS ITS CASUALTIES--AND THE RIGHT SIDE DOESN'T ALWAYS WIN!
THAT IS WHY WE SOUGHT YOUR HELP... TOGETHER, AUTOBOT AND HUMAN, WE CAN STOP THE DECEPTICONS AND SPARE YOUR WORLD THE HORROR OF THEIR RULE.
OVER HERE IN OUR COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE, CONSTRUCTION ENGINEER HUFFER IS RIGHT NOW REBUILDING OUR ULTRA-FREQUENCY MONITORING, ER...
...UM, HUFFER, WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU DOING?
I'VE NEARLY FIXED THE TRANS-DIMENSIONAL RADIOWAVE SCRAMBLER, PROWL!
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FOUR MILLION YEARS WE'LL BE ABLE TO CONTACT OUR BELOVED CYBERTRON WITH IT... AND WE'LL BE ABLE TO TALK TO HOME! SEE HOW IT GLEAMS IN THE HOLO-PROJECTION!

THAT'S AN ADMIRABLE ENDEAVOUR HUFFER, BUT YOU'RE NEGLECTING YOUR PRIMARY ASSIGNMENT.
YES, I KNOW-- REPAIR THE MONITORING ANTENNA SO WE CAN EAVESDROP ON WHAT THE DECEPTICONS ARE PLOTTING AT THEIR AEROSPACE PLANT HEADQUARTERS. I APOLOGIZE, PROWL. I WILL RETURN TO MY ASSIGNMENT IMMEDIATELY!
YOU SEE, G.B., WE SUFFER FROM THE SAME FRAILITIES AS YOU HUMANS. HUFFER IS AGORAPHOBIC, AS ARE ALL THE AUTOBOTS. UNFORTUNATELY, HE SOMETIMES ALLOWS HIS FEELINGS TO INTERFERE WITH HIS WORK.
AND IT IS VITAL WORK! BEFORE WE LAUNCH AN ATTACK, WE MUST KNOW THE DECEPTICONS' PLANS! FOR NOT ONLY ARE WE CONCERNED WITH THE SAFETY OF YOUR EMPLOYEES HELD HOSTAGE INSIDE THE PLANT...
... BUT ALSO WITH THAT OF OUR LEADER, OPTIMUS PRIME, AS WELL.
WHAT'S THIS?
THAT IS THE BODY OF OPTIMUS. IT STANDS HERE INOPERATIVE, A GRIM REMINDER THAT WE CAN NEVER REST UNTIL WE RESCUE HIS HEAD...
... WHICH IS A HELPLESS CAPTIVE OF THE DECEPTICONS!
THAT'S NOT JUST GRIM-- IT'S DOWNRIGHT CREEPY!
WAIT A MINUTE! I JUST REMEMBERED-- THE PHONES AT THE PLANT ARE BUGGED! I DEVISED THE SYSTEM TO IMPROVE SECURITY THERE-- MAKE SURE NO ONE WAS SAYING ANYTHING THEY SHOULDN'T!
TO ACTIVATE THE SYSTEM ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DIAL A SPECIAL CODE TO A PHONE THERE-- NO ONE EVEN HAS TO ANSWER IT! THEN WE CAN LISTEN IN ALL WE WANT!
HUFFER CAN BUILD A TELEPHONE HOOK-UP FOR YOU TO USE!
YES, IT WOULD BE SIMPLE TO MAKE. IF ONLY IT WERE THAT SIMPLE TO CALL CYBERTRON.
HUFFER, YOU MUST DIRECT YOUR THOUGHTS TO--
CALLING COMMANDER PROWL! ACKNOWLEDGE!
THE INTER-AUTOBOT RADIO! IT'S BUMBLEBEE CALLING IN FROM HIS SURVEILLANCE MISSION!

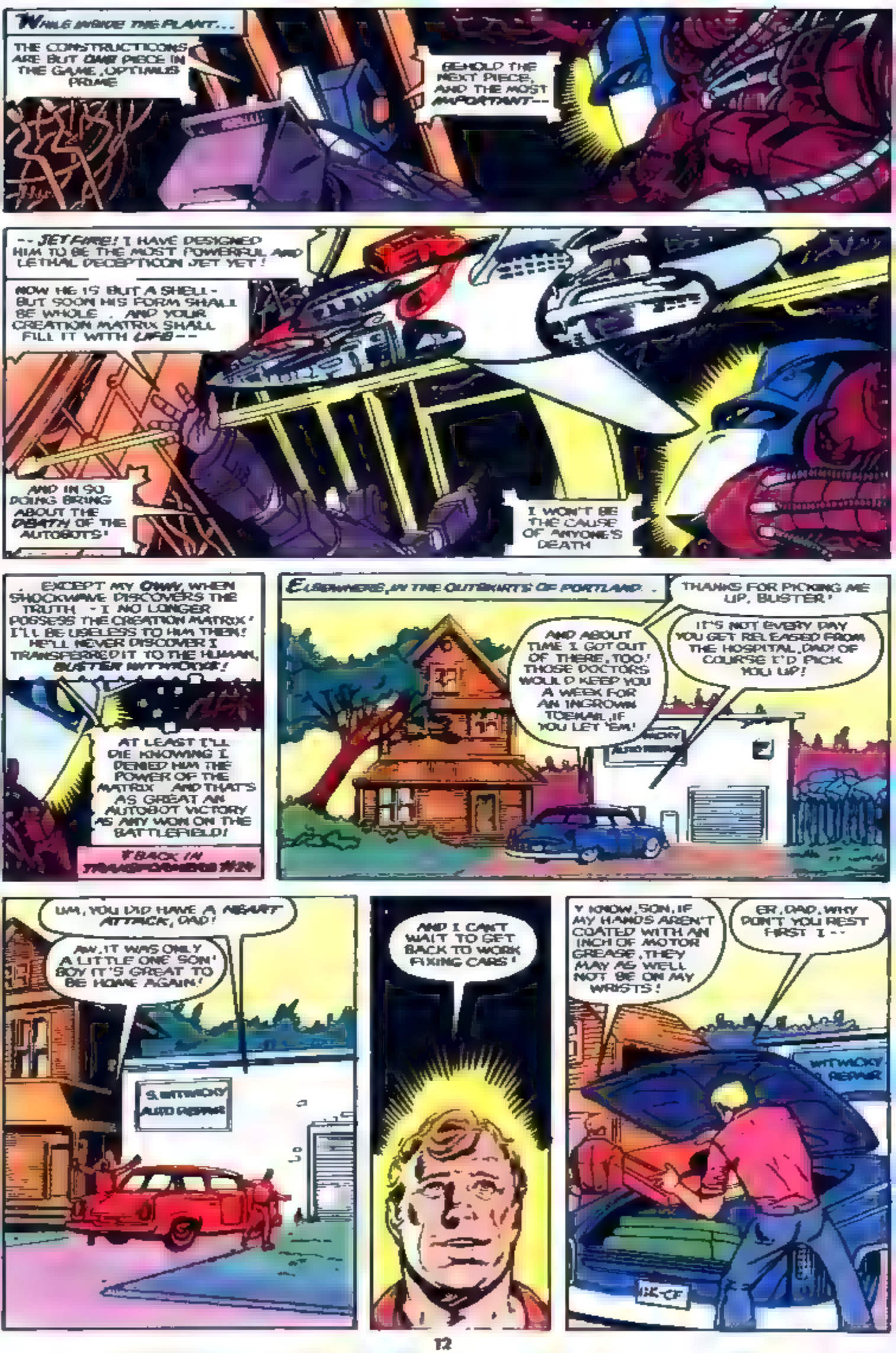

BUMBLEBEE. THIS IS PROWL. PROCEED WITH YOUR REPORT.
SOMETHING'S GOING ON DOWN AT THE PLANT — SOMETHING BAD — BUT I'M NOT SURE WHAT!
"LASERBEAK JUST FLEW OUT... HE'S SHOOTING TWO MISSILES AT THE ARMY ENCAMPMENT...
BAW'OOMP
"IT'S TOO SMOKEY — I'M NOT SURE WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW!"
MAJOR... ALL THE VEHICLES... THE TANKS, ARMOURED PERSONNEL CARRIERS... THEY'RE MELTING!
MY RIFLE LOOKS LIKE A STICK OF BUTTER ON A HOT DAY IN JULY!
I'LL RADIO FOR... MY RADIO — IT'S DRIPPING OUT OF MY HAND!
THIS SMOKE... IT'S ALTERING THE STRUCTURE OF ANYTHING MADE OF METAL!
THE DECEPTICONS ARE USING THIS SMOKE AS A DIVERSION! I SEE SIX VEHICLES DRIVING OUT OF IT!
FOLLOW THEM, BUMBLEBEE! I'LL SEND REINFORCEMENTS TO INTERCEPT...
...INCLUDING HUFFER WHO COULD USE SOME ACTION TO LIFT HIS SPIRITS!

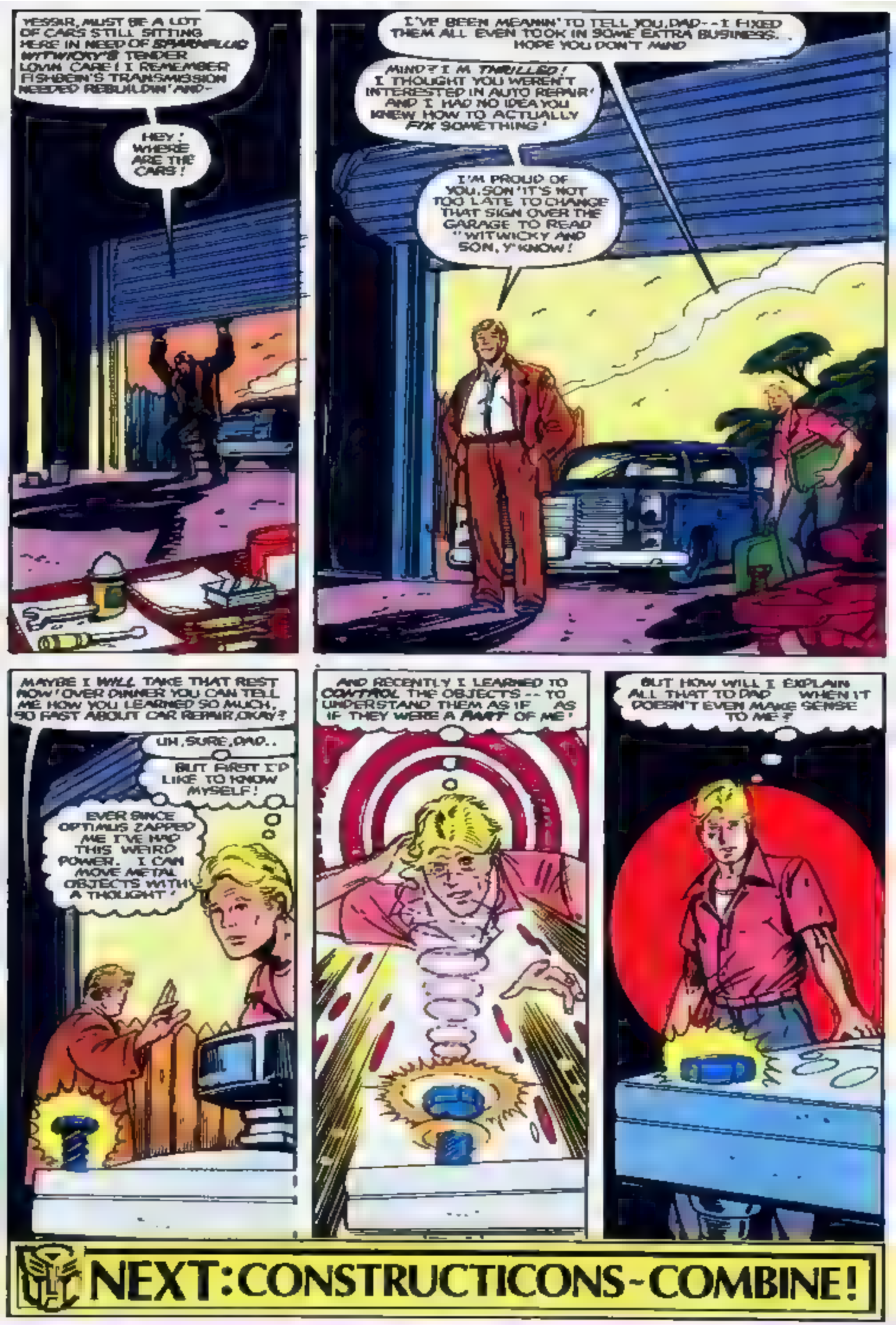

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AT A TRUCK STOP ALONGSIDE A LONELY STRETCH OF INTERSTATE 15 IN SOUTHEASTERN IDAHO...
BOMBER
BILL
B
B
WELL, LOOK WHO JUST ROLLED IN...


...OL' BOMBER BILL HIMSELF! HOW'S MY BIG BOY DOIN'?
JUST DANDY, ETHEL! AND EVEN BETTER AFTER YOU DISH UP A SERVING OF T-BONE AND 'TATERS DROWNED IN SOME O' THAT HEAVENLY GRAVY OF YOURS!
IT'S A DEAL, WITH A POT OF BLACK COFFEE TO WASH IT DOWN!

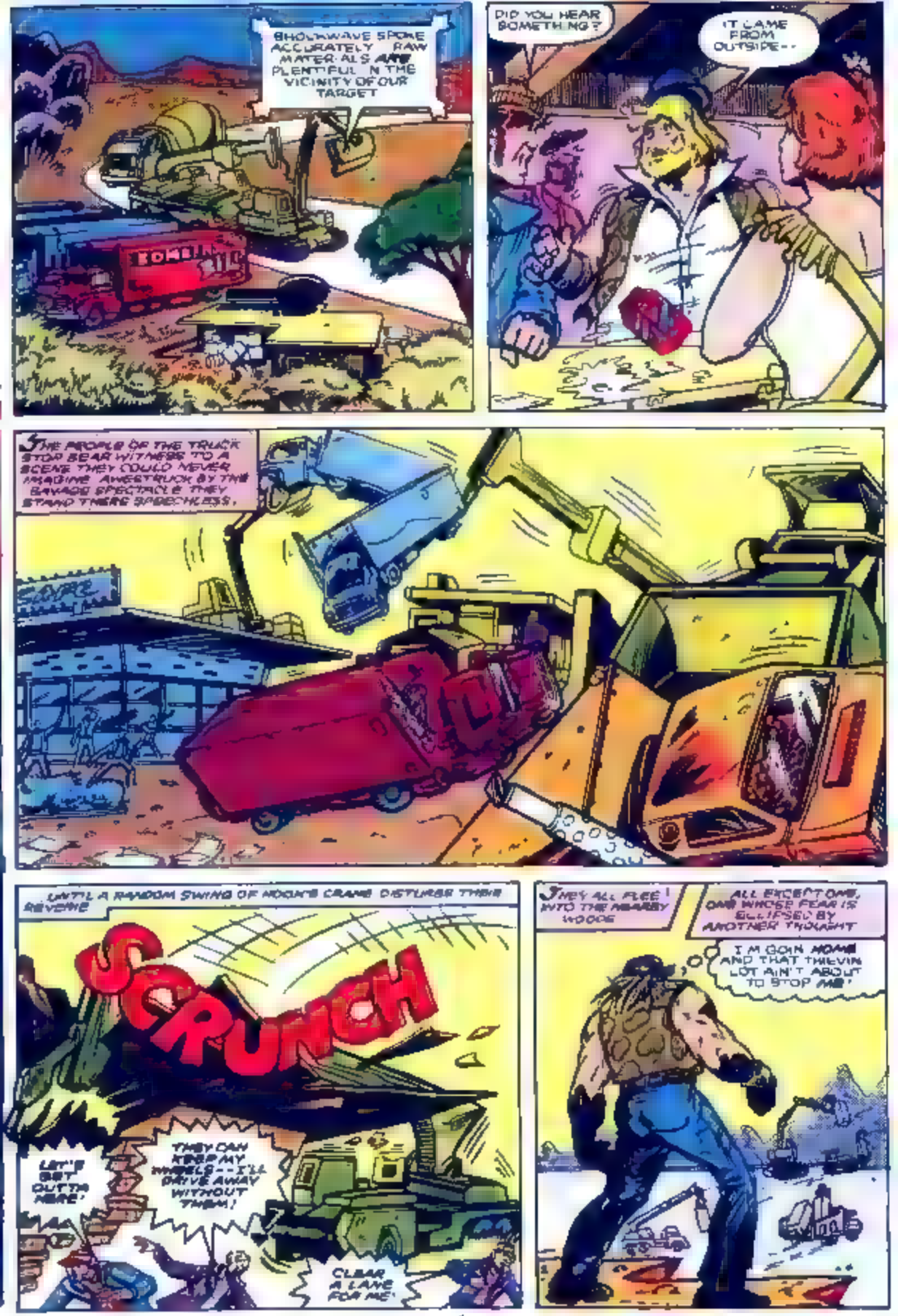
SO HOW COME WE HAVEN'T SEEN YOU 'ROUND THESE PARTS FOR SO LONG?
I'VE BEEN IN THE SADDLE--PEDAL TO THE METAL--FOR EIGHT DAYS STRAIGHT, NO BREAKS! PUT 12,000 MILES ON OL' BESSIE!
BUT NOW WE'RE BOTH HEADIN' HOME FOR SOME DOWNTIME, AND I CAN'T WAIT! SHOULD BE THERE WITH THE SUNRISE!

LOOK AT THESE KIDS! AREN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL?
THEY'RE DARLINGS, BOMBER BILL!
I TELL YOU, ETHEL, WHEN YOU'VE GOT A WONDERFUL WIFE LIKE MINE AND THESE TWO ANGELS IT MAKES IT HARD FOR A MAN TO TAKE TO THE ROAD TWO WEEKS AT A TIME! NEAR RIPS MY GUTS OUT TO BE AWAY FROM THEM!
BUT IT MAKES IT THAT MUCH SWEETER TO GO HOME, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
I SURELY DO, BOMBER BILL, I SURELY DO.

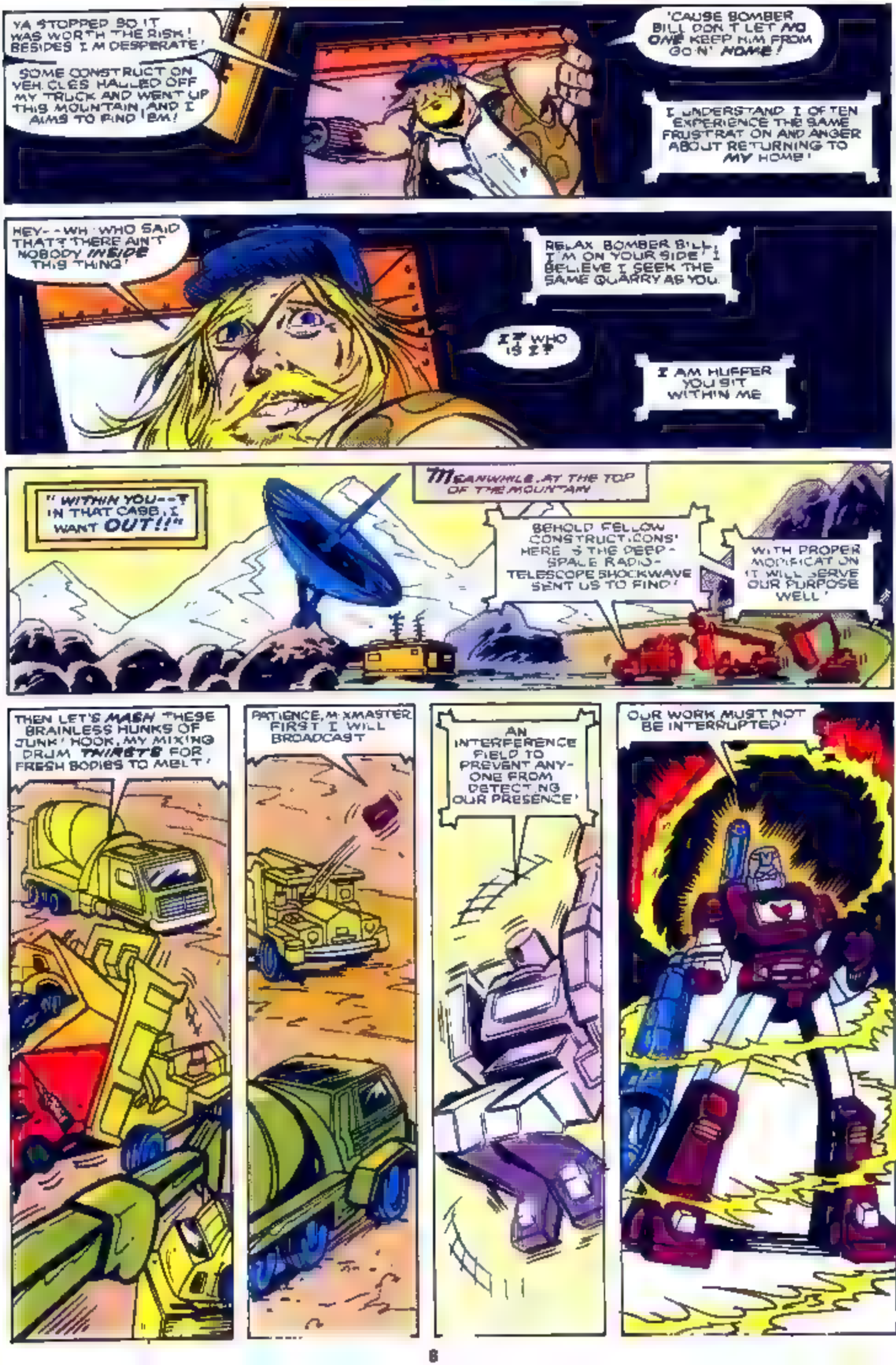

WHILE INSIDE THE PLANT...
THE CONSTRUCTICONS ARE BUT ONE PIECE IN THE GAME, OPTIMUS PRIME
BEHOLD THE NEXT PIECE, AND THE MOST IMPORTANT--
-- JETFIRE! I HAVE DESIGNED HIM TO BE THE MOST POWERFUL AND LETHAL DECEPTICON JET YET!
NOW HE IS BUT A SHELL - BUT SOON HIS FORM SHALL BE WHOLE . AND YOUR CREATION MATRIX SHALL FILL IT WITH LIFE--
AND IN SO DOING BRING ABOUT THE DEATH OF THE AUTOBOTS!
I WON'T BE THE CAUSE OF ANYONE'S DEATH
EXCEPT MY OWN, WHEN SHOCKWAVE DISCOVERS THE TRUTH - I NO LONGER POSSESS THE CREATION MATRIX! I'LL BE USELESS TO HIM THEN! HE'LL NEVER DISCOVER I TRANSFERRED IT TO THE HUMAN, BUSTER WITWICKY!
AT LEAST I'LL DIE KNOWING I DENIED HIM THE POWER OF THE MATRIX AND THAT'S AS GREAT AN AUTOBOT VICTORY AS ANY WON ON THE BATTLEFIELD!
TBACK IN TRANSFORMERS #29
ELSEWHERE, IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF PORTLAND...
THANKS FOR PICKING ME UP, BUSTER!
IT'S NOT EVERY DAY YOU GET RELEASED FROM THE HOSPITAL, DAD! OF COURSE I'D PICK YOU UP!
AND ABOUT TIME I GOT OUT OF THERE, TOO! THOSE DOCTORS WOULD KEEP YOU A WEEK FOR AN INGROWN TOENAIL, IF YOU LET 'EM!
WITWICKY AUTO REPAIR
UM, YOU DID HAVE A MINOR ATTACK, DAD!
AW, IT WAS ONLY A LITTLE ONE SON! BOY IT'S GREAT TO BE HOME AGAIN!
S. WITWICKY AUTO REPAIR
AND I CAN'T WAIT TO GET BACK TO WORK FIXING CARS!
Y KNOW, SON, IF MY HANDS AREN'T COATED WITH AN INCH OF MOTOR GREASE, THEY MAY AS WELL NOT BE ON MY WRISTS!
ER, DAD, WHY DON'T YOU REST FIRST I --
WITWICKY REPAIR
OK-OF

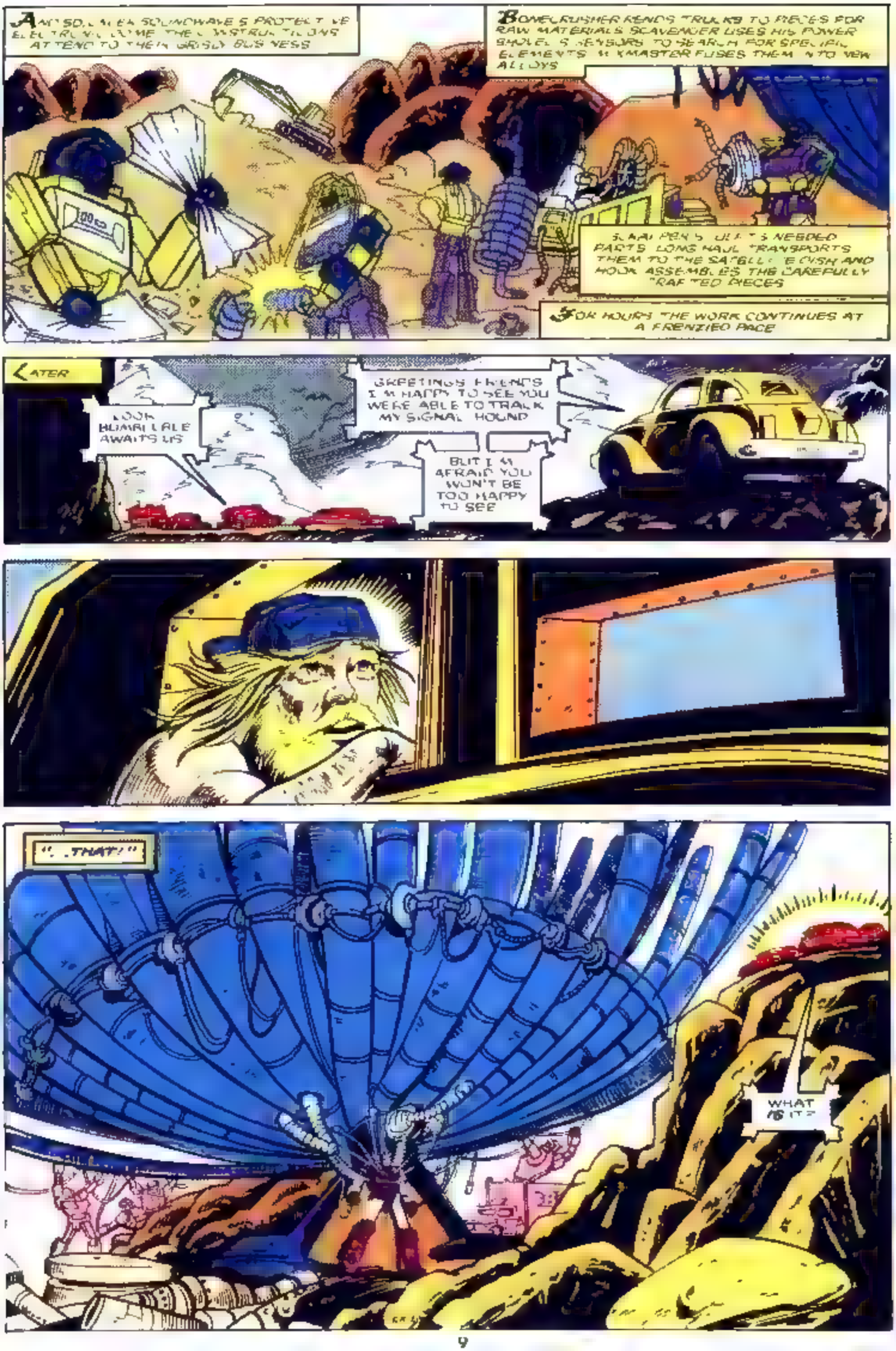

YESSIR, MUST BE A LOT OF CARS STILL SITTING HERE IN NEED OF SPRINGFIELD WITWICKY'S TENDER LOVIN CARE! I REMEMBER FISHBEIN'S TRANSMISSION NEEDED REBUILDIN' AND-
HEY! WHERE ARE THE CARS!
I'VE BEEN MEANIN' TO TELL YOU, DAD--I FIXED THEM ALL EVEN TOOK IN SOME EXTRA BUSINESS.. HOPE YOU DON'T MIND
MIND? I'M THRILLED! I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T INTERESTED IN AUTO REPAIR' AND I HAD NO IDEA YOU KNEW HOW TO ACTUALLY FIX SOMETHING'
I'M PROUD OF YOU, SON' IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO CHANGE THAT SIGN OVER THE GARAGE TO READ "WITWICKY AND SON, Y'KNOW!
MAYBE I WILL TAKE THAT REST NOW! OVER DINNER YOU CAN TELL ME HOW YOU LEARNED SO MUCH, SO FAST ABOUT CAR REPAIR, OKAY?
UH, SURE, DAD..
BUT FIRST I'D LIKE TO KNOW MYSELF!
EVER SINCE OPTIMUS ZAPPED ME I'VE HAD THIS WEIRD POWER. I CAN MOVE METAL OBJECTS WITH A THOUGHT'
AND RECENTLY I LEARNED TO CONTROL THE OBJECTS -- TO UNDERSTAND THEM AS IF AS IF THEY WERE A PART OF ME'
BUT HOW WILL I EXPLAIN ALL THAT TO DAD WHEN IT DOESN'T EVEN MAKE SENSE TO ME?
NEXT: CONSTRUCTICONS-COMBINE!

MARVEL
23rd Nov 85
№36 30p
THE TRANSFORMERS
HEROIC AUTOBOT
DAWN OF THE DEVASTATOR!


SHOCKWAVE SPOKE ACCURATELY RAW MATERIALS ARE PLENTIFUL IN THE VICINITY OF OUR TARGET
DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?
IT CAME FROM OUTSIDE--
THE PEOPLE OF THE TRUCK STOP BEAR WITNESS TO A SCENE THEY COULD NEVER IMAGINE AWESTRUCK BY THE SAVAGE SPECTACLE THEY STAND THERE SPEECHLESS.
UNTIL A RANDOM SWING OF HOOVE'S CRANE DISTURBS THEIR REVERIE
SCRUNCH
LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!
THEY CAN KEEP MY WHEELS--I'LL DRIVE AWAY WITHOUT THEM!
CLEAR A LANE FOR ME!
THEY ALL FLEE INTO THE NEARBY WOODS
ALL EXCEPT ONE, ONE WHOSE FEAR IS ECLIPSED BY ANOTHER THOUGHT
I'M GOIN HOME AND THAT THIEVIN LOT AIN'T ABOUT TO STOP ME!

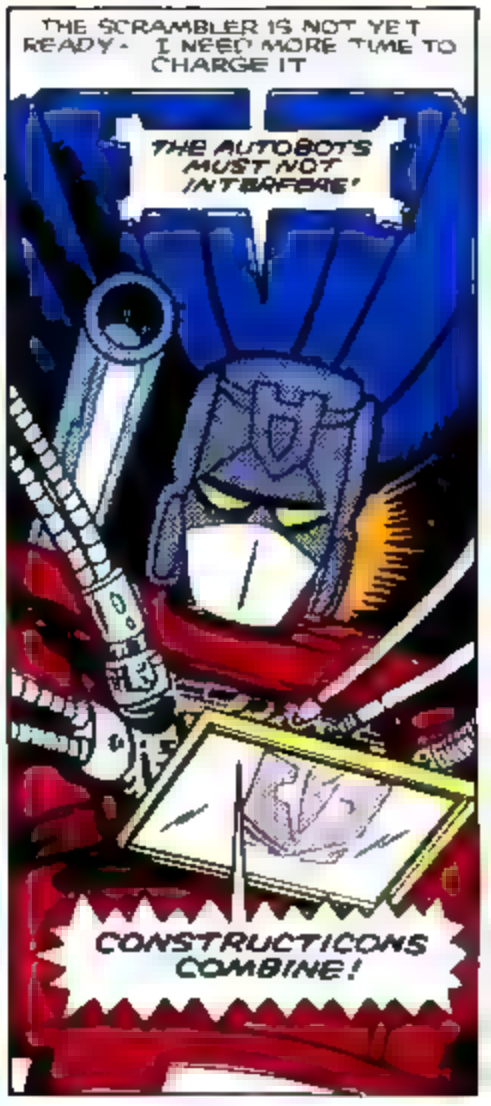
NIGHTTIME HOURS LATER
I SAW 'EM HEADIN' TOWARD THE ROAD AFTER THEY LEFT THE DINER. BUT WHY? NOBODY EVER DRIVES UP HERE. HARDLY ANYTHING'S UP THIS WAY.
HEY-- THOSE LIGHTS COMIN' TOWARD ME-
WHOA! SLOW DOWN! YOU'RE GOIN' MY WAY
BUT THE CARS IGNORE BOMBER BILL'S PLEA AND SPEED BY, FOR THESE ARE NO ORDINARY CARS-
- THESE ARE AUTOBOTS--
--HOUND
..BLUESTREAK
..SIDESWIPE
AND IRONHIDE--
- AND THEY HAVE MORE URGENT MATTERS TO ATTEND TO
YOU'D THINK ONE O' THOSE M'SBEGOTTEN JALOPY DRIVERS WOULDA -
HEY! ANOTHER ONE! WELL, THIS ONE'S NOT GETTIN' BY ME!
HE'LL HAVETA RUN ME OVER FIRST!
HUMAN! YOU JEOPARDIZE YOUR SAFETY!
SKRAAEE!

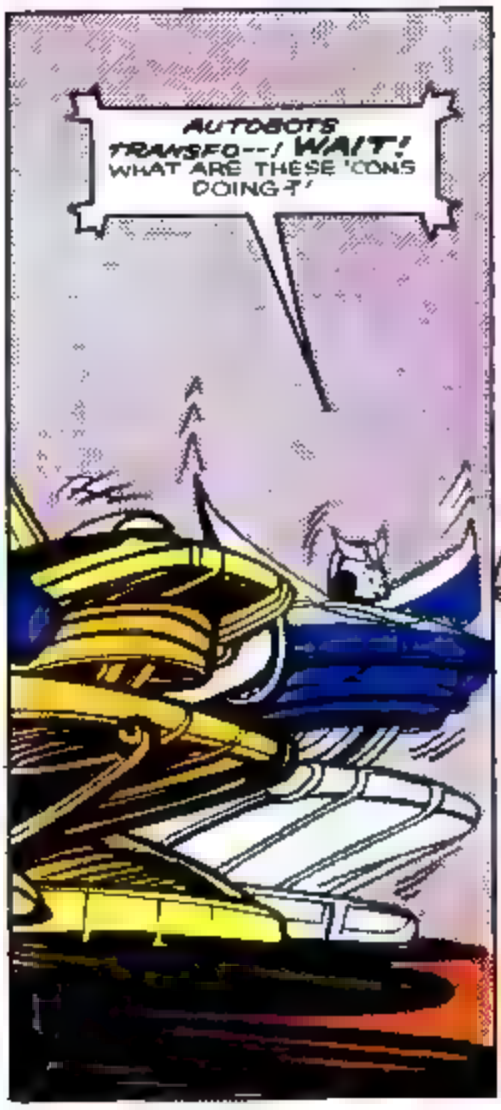

YA STOPPED SO IT WAS WORTH THE RISK! BESIDES I'M DESPERATE!
SOME CONSTRUCTICONS HAULED OFF MY TRUCK AND WENT UP THIS MOUNTAIN, AND I AIMS TO FIND 'EM!
'CAUSE BOMBER BILL DON'T LET NO ONE KEEP HIM FROM GOIN' HOME!
I UNDERSTAND. I OFTEN EXPERIENCE THE SAME FRUSTRATION AND ANGER ABOUT RETURNING TO MY HOME!
HEY--WH-WHO SAID THAT? THERE AIN'T NOBODY INSIDE THIS THING!
RELAX, BOMBER BILL. I'M ON YOUR SIDE. I BELIEVE I SEEK THE SAME QUARRY AS YOU.
I? WHO IS I?
I AM HUFFER. YOU SIT WITHIN ME.
"WITHIN YOU--? IN THAT CASE, I WANT OUT!!"
MEANWHILE, AT THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN
BEHOLD, FELLOW CONSTRUCTICONS! HERE IS THE DEEP-SPACE RADIO-TELESCOPE SHOCKWAVE SENT US TO FIND!
WITH PROPER MODIFICATION IT WILL SERVE OUR PURPOSE WELL!
THEN LET'S MASH THESE BRAINLESS HUNKS OF JUNK! HOOK, MY MIXING DRUM TWIRETS FOR FRESH BODIES TO MELT!
PATIENCE, MAXMASTER. FIRST I WILL BROADCAST
AN INTERFERENCE FIELD TO PREVENT ANYONE FROM DETECTING OUR PRESENCE!
OUR WORK MUST NOT BE INTERRUPTED!

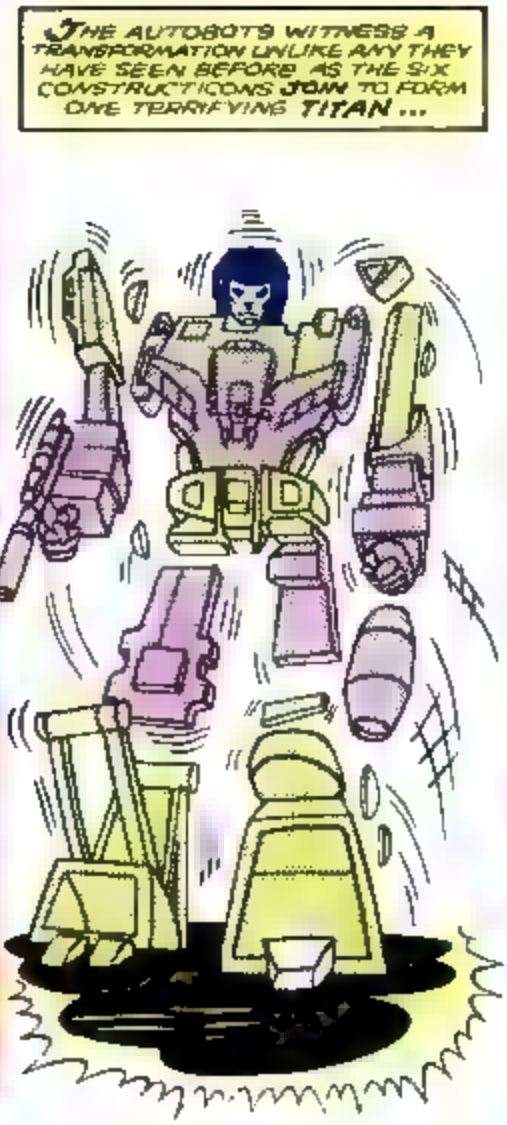

AN SD.M EA SOUNDWAVE S PROTECT VE ELECTRONIC DOME THEL INSTRU TIONS ATTEND TO THEIR GRISLY BUS NESS
BONECRUSHER RENDS TRUCKS TO PIECES FOR RAW MATERIALS SCAVENGER USES HIS POWER SHOVEL S SENSORS TO SEARCH FOR SPECIAL ELEMENTS H KMASTER FUSES THEM INTO NEW ALLOYS
SLAG PENS ULT S NEEDED PARTS LONG HAUL TRANSPORTS THEM TO THE SATELL E OUTPOST AND HOOK ASSEMBLES THE CAREFULLY "RAFTED PIECES
FOR HOURS THE WORK CONTINUES AT A FRENZIED PACE
LATER
LOOK BUMBLEBEE AWAITS US
GREETINGS FRIENDS I M HAPPY TO SEE YOU WERE ABLE TO TRACK MY SIGNAL HOUND
BUT I M AFRAID YOU WON'T BE TOO HAPPY TO SEE
". .THAT!"
WHAT IS IT?

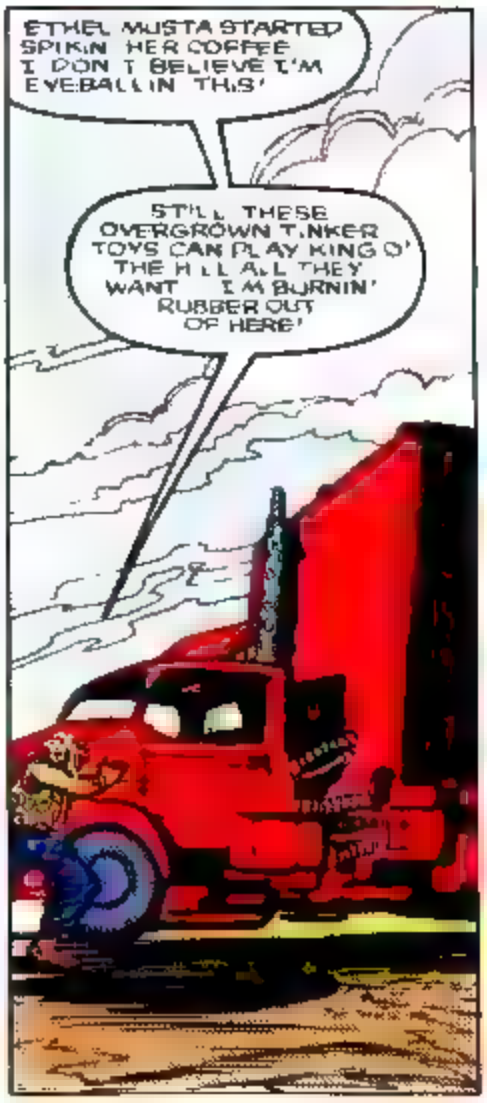
T'S EXACTLY WHAT I WAS WORKING ON BACK AT THE ARK, BUT ON A MUCH GRANDER SCALE - A TRANSDIMENSIONAL RADIOWAVE SCRAMBLER!
AND IT LOOKS COMPLETE! IT CAN COMMUNICATE WITH ANY OF A THOUSAND GALAXIES!
IT CAN CALL HOME!

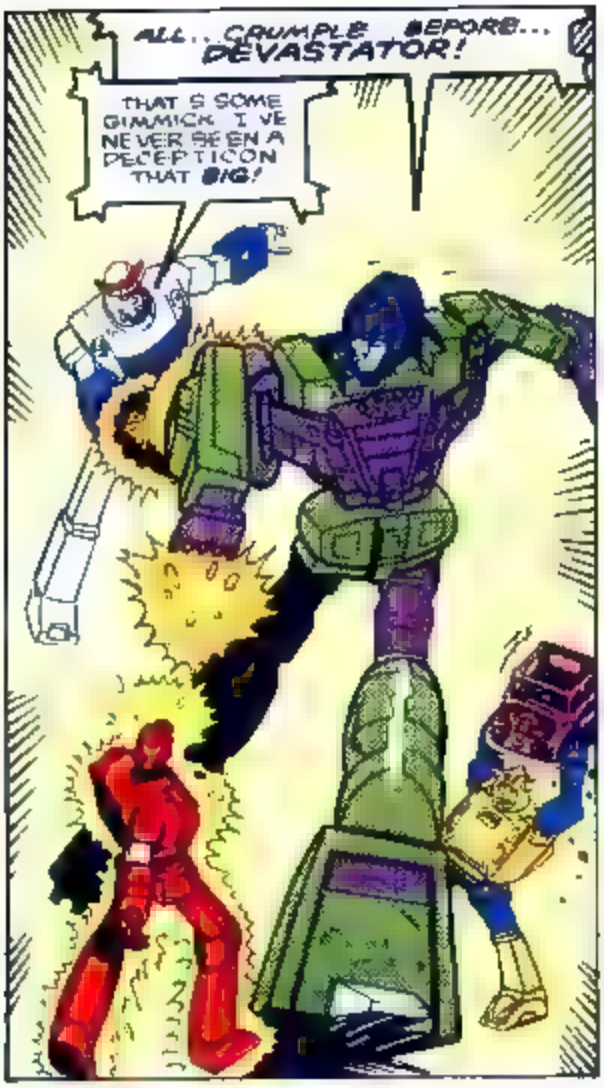
AUTOBOTS! HOW DID THEY FIND US?
QUICK, DESTROY IT! WE DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT THE DECEPTICONS ARE PLANNING TO USE IT FOR BUT I'M SURE IT CAN'T BE GOOD!
BESSIE, YOU'RE OKAY. THEY HAVEN'T HURT YOU. I'M GONNA GET YOU OUT OF THIS BONEYARD!

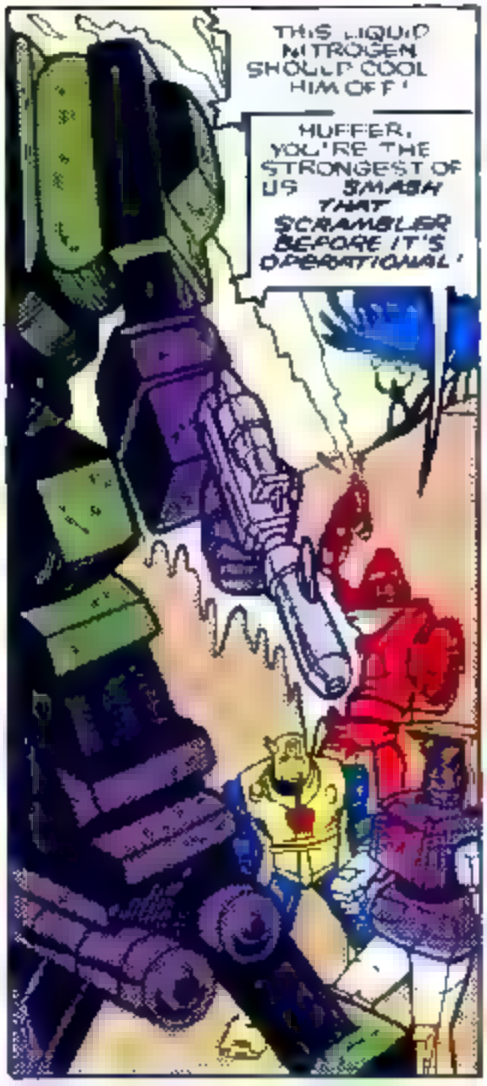

THE SCRAMBLER IS NOT YET READY - I NEED MORE TIME TO CHARGE IT
THE AUTOBOTS MUST NOT INTERFERE!
CONSTRUCTICONS COMBINE!

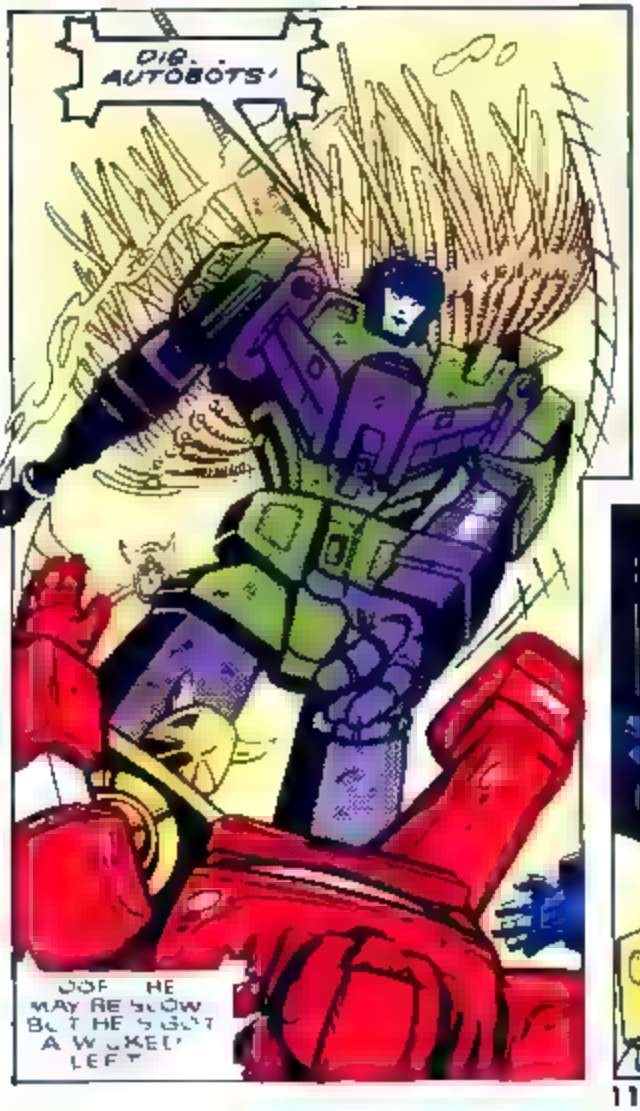

AUTOBOTS TRANSFO--! WAIT! WHAT ARE THESE 'CONS DOING?!

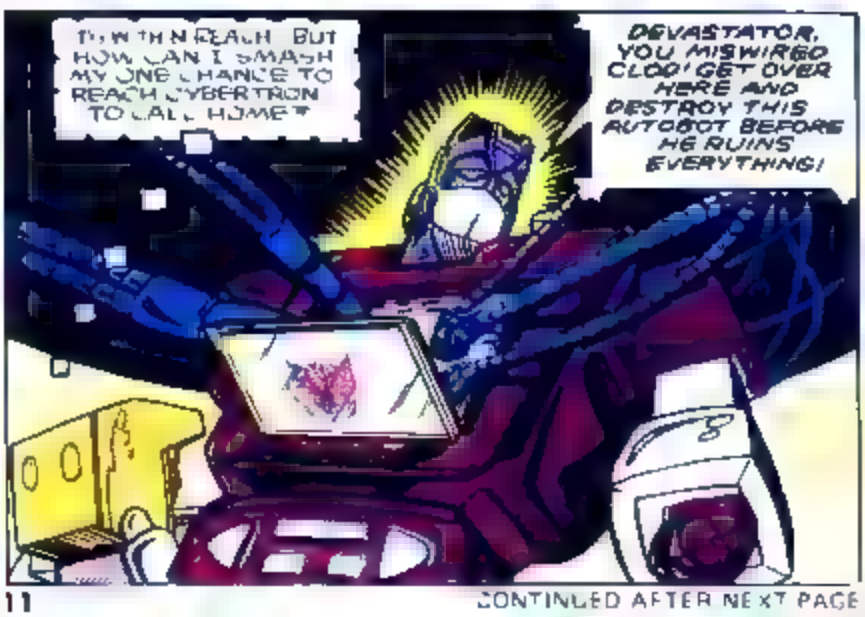

THE AUTOBOTS WITNESS A TRANSFORMATION UNLIKE ANY THEY HAVE SEEN BEFORE AS THE SIX CONSTRUCTICONS JOIN TO FORM ONE TERRIFYING TITAN ...


ETHEL MUSTA STARTED SPIKIN' HER COFFEE. I DON'T BELIEVE I'M EYEBALLIN' THIS!
STILL THESE OVERGROWN TINKER TOYS CAN PLAY KING O' THE HILL ALL THEY WANT - I'M BURNIN' RUBBER OUT OF HERE!








I'LL WITHDRAW AND REACH... BUT HOW CAN I SMASH MY ONE CHANCE TO REACH CYBERTRON TO CALL HOME?
DEVASTATOR, YOU MISWIRED CLOD! GET OVER HERE AND DESTROY THIS AUTOBOT BEFORE HE RUINS EVERYTHING!

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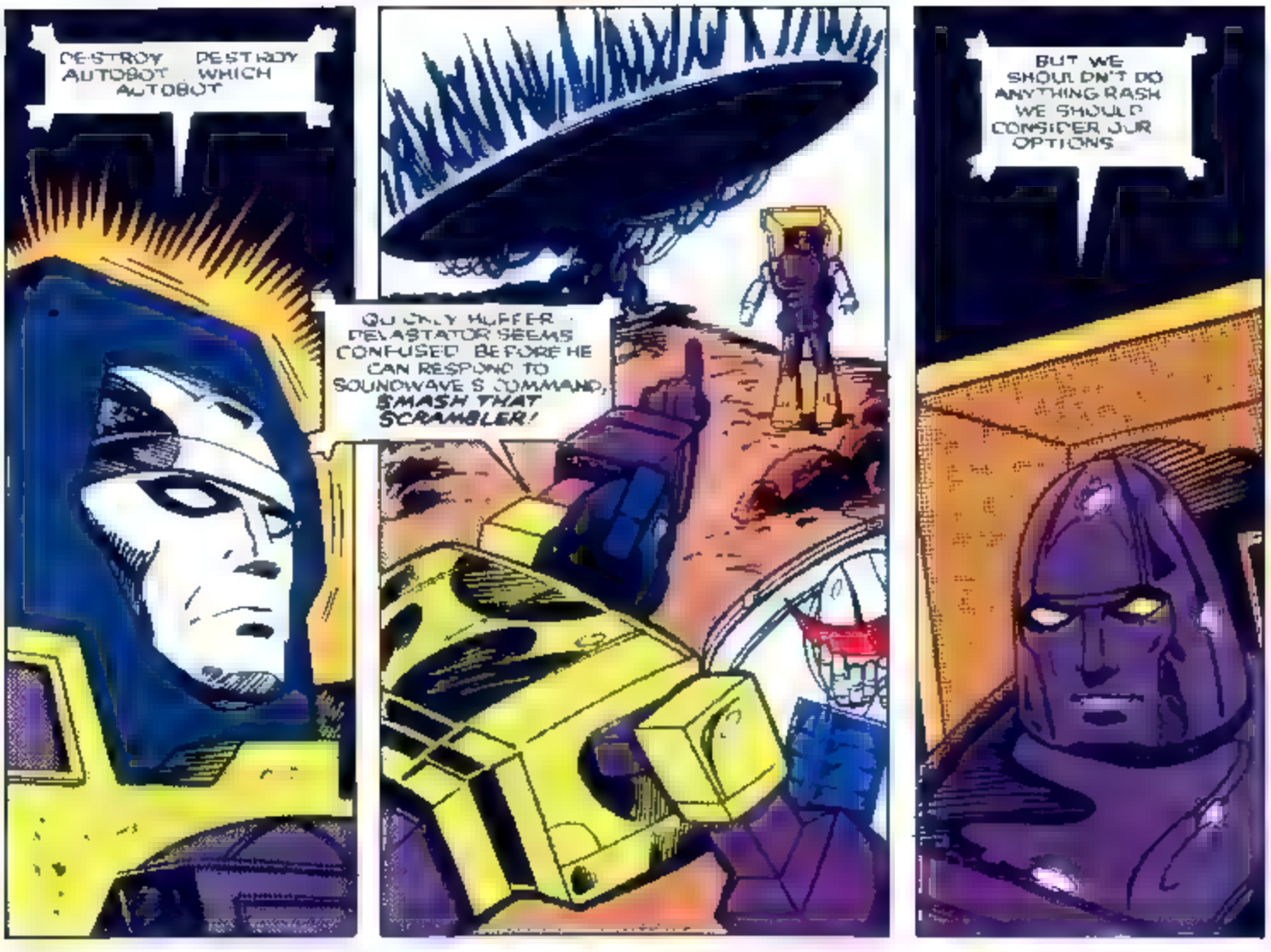
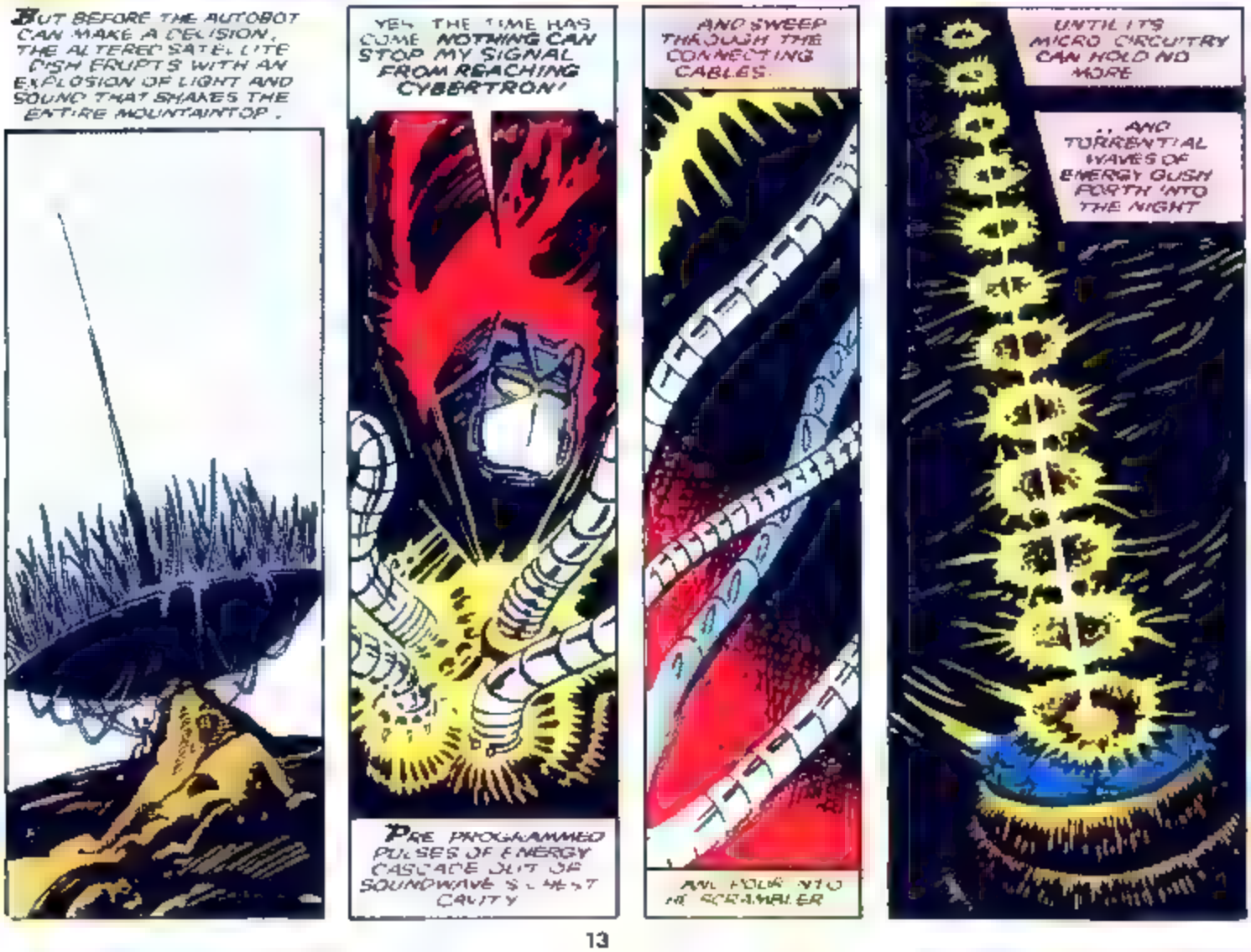
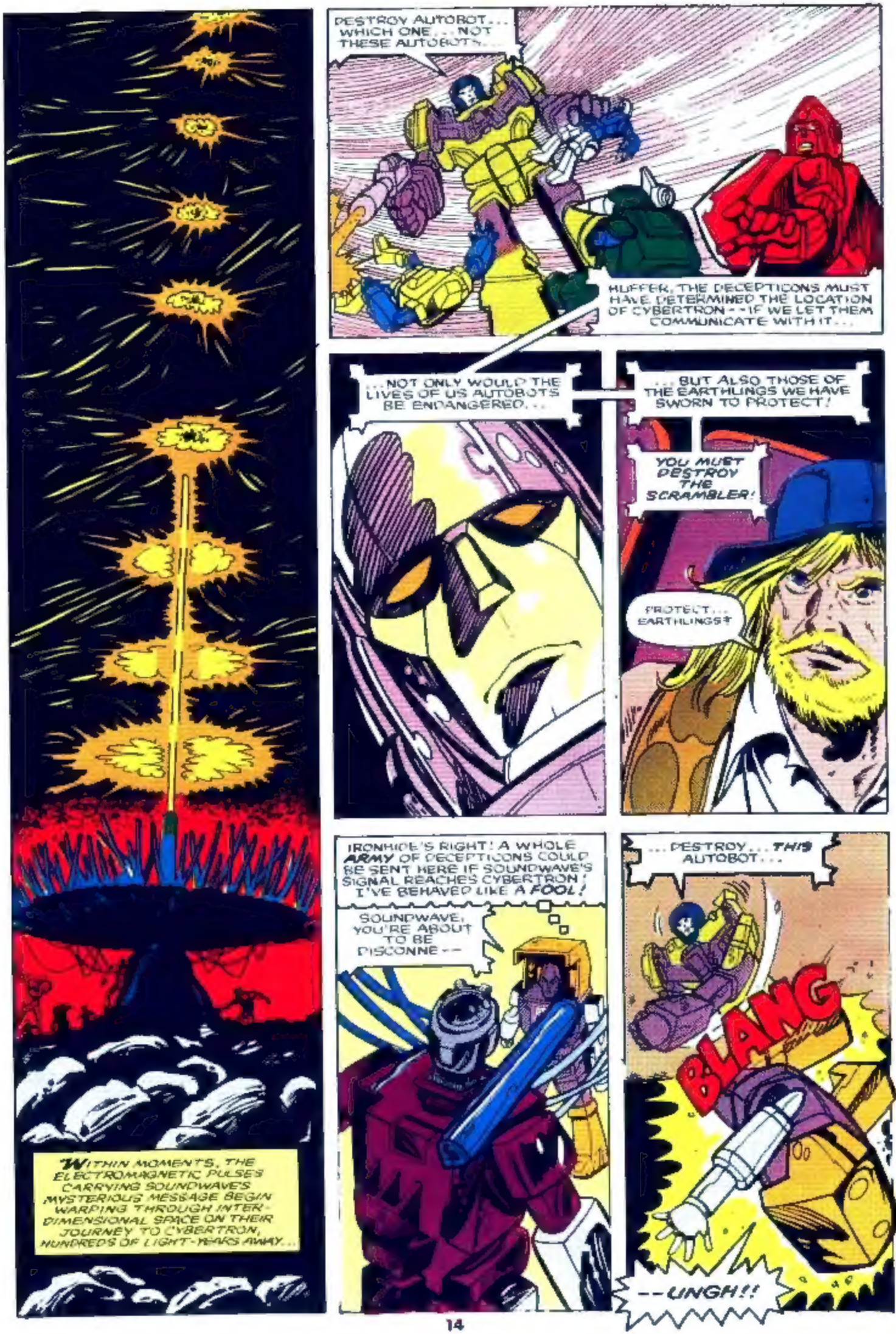
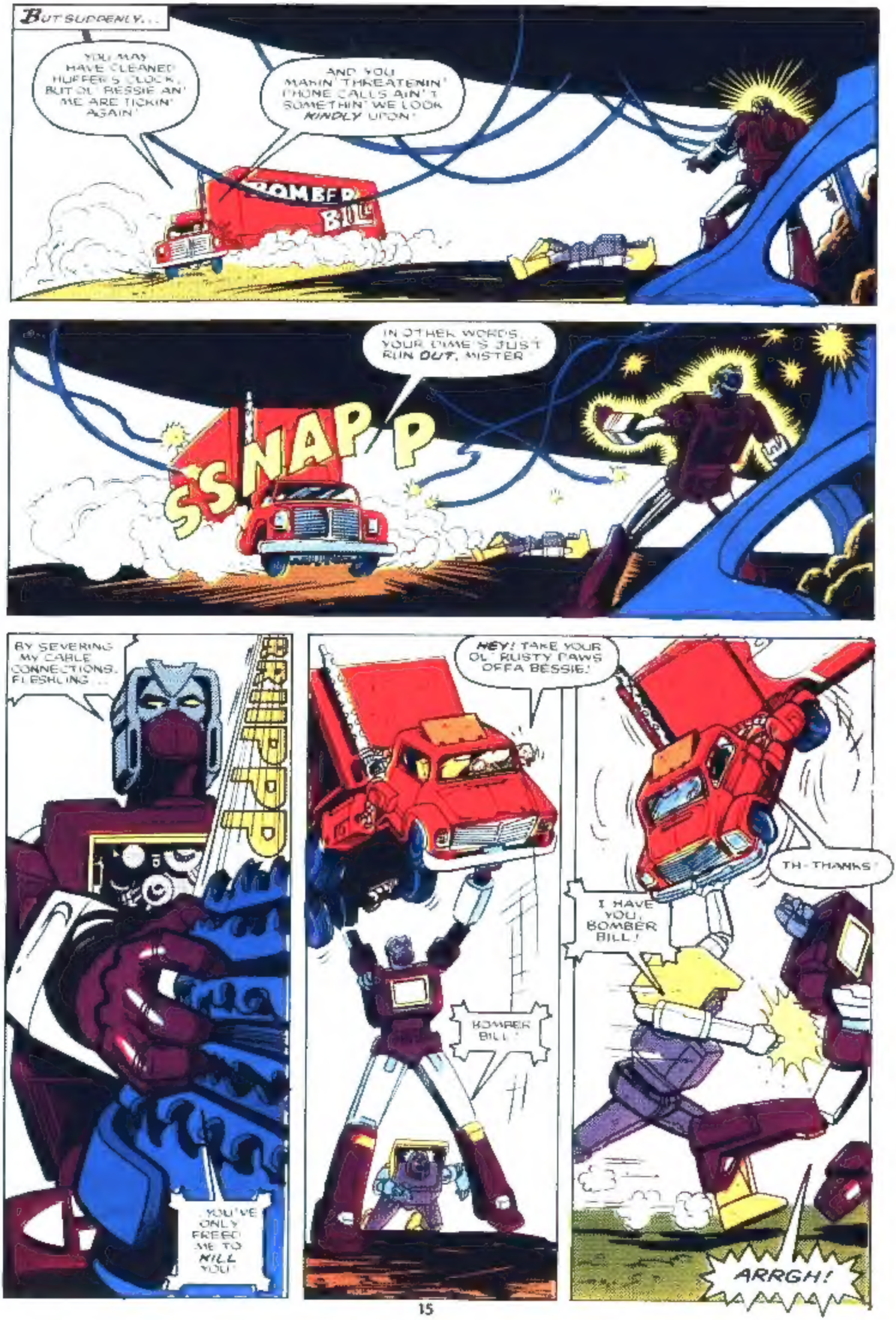
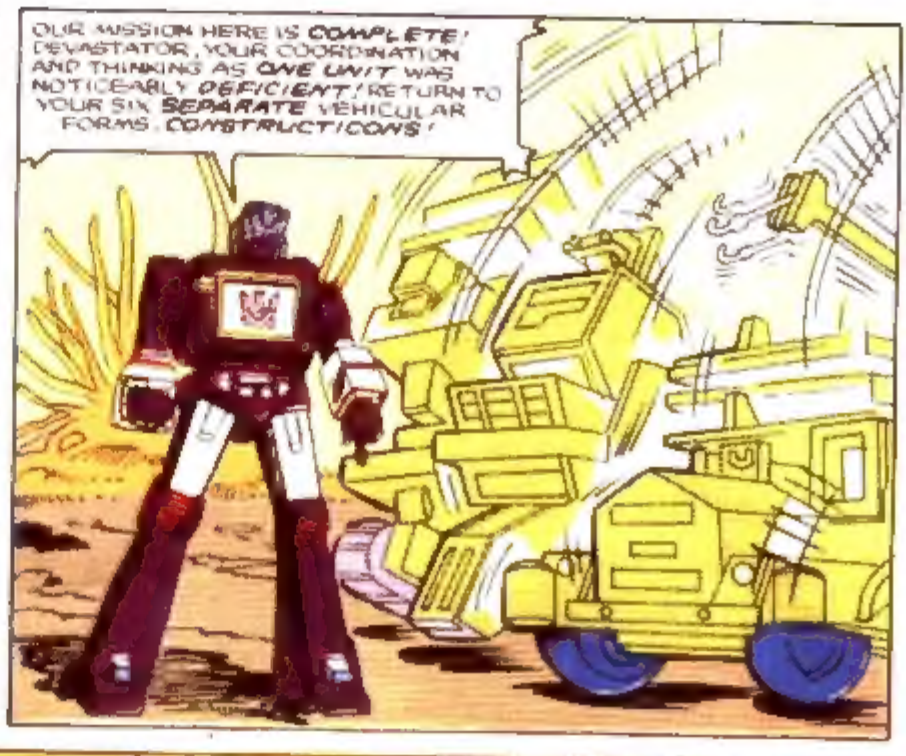

DESTROY AUTOBOT
DESTROY WHICH AUTOBOT
QUICKLY BUFFER - DEVASTATOR SEEMS CONFUSED BEFORE HE CAN RESPOND TO SOUNDWAVE'S COMMAND, SMASH THAT SCRAMBLER!
BUT WE SHOULDN'T DO ANYTHING RASH WE SHOULD CONSIDER OUR OPTIONS

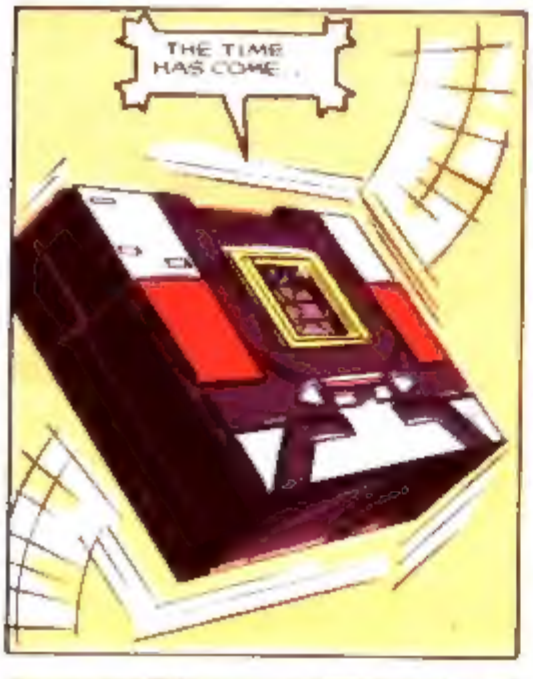

BUT BEFORE THE AUTOBOT CAN MAKE A DECISION, THE ALTERED SATELLITE DISH ERUPTS WITH AN EXPLOSION OF LIGHT AND SOUND THAT SHAKES THE ENTIRE MOUNTAINTOP.
YES THE TIME HAS COME NOTHING CAN STOP MY SIGNAL FROM REACHING CYBERTRON!
PRE PROGRAMMED PULSES OF ENERGY CASCADE OUT OF SOUNDWAVE'S CHEST CAVITY
AND SWEEP THROUGH THE CONNECTING CABLES.
AND HOLD INTO HE SCRAMBLER
UNTIL ITS MICRO CIRCUITRY CAN HOLD NO MORE
... AND TORRENTIAL WAVES OF ENERGY GUSH FORTH INTO THE NIGHT

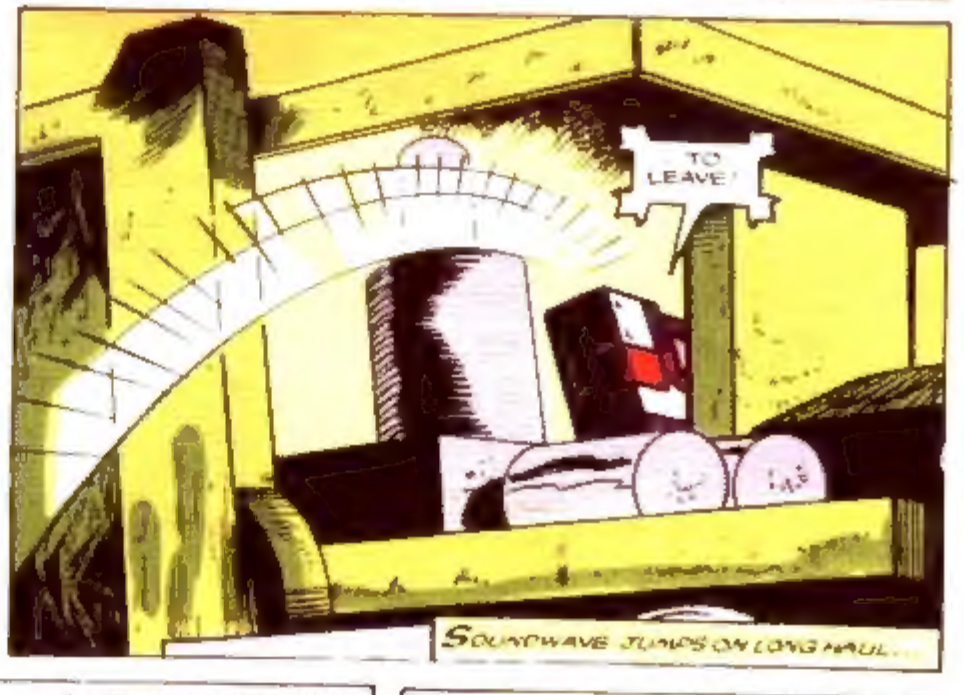

DESTROY AUTOBOT... WHICH ONE... NOT THESE AUTOBOTS...
BUFFER, THE DECEPTICONS MUST HAVE DETERMINED THE LOCATION OF CYBERTRON -- IF WE LET THEM COMMUNICATE WITH IT...
...NOT ONLY WOULD THE LIVES OF US AUTOBOTS BE ENDANGERED...
...BUT ALSO THOSE OF THE EARTHLINGS WE HAVE SWORN TO PROTECT!
YOU MUST DESTROY THE SCRAMBLER!
PROTECT... EARTHLINGS?
WITHIN MOMENTS, THE ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES CARRYING SOUNDWAVE'S MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE BEGIN WARPING THROUGH INTER-DIMENSIONAL SPACE ON THEIR JOURNEY TO CYBERTRON, HUNDREDS OF LIGHT-YEARS AWAY...
IRONHIDE'S RIGHT! A WHOLE ARMY OF DECEPTICONS COULD BE SENT HERE IF SOUNDWAVE'S SIGNAL REACHES CYBERTRON! I'VE BEHAVED LIKE A FOOL!
SOUNDWAVE, YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE DISCONNE--
...DESTROY... THIS AUTOBOT...
BLANG
--UNGH!!


BUT SUDDENLY...
YOU MAY HAVE CLEANED HUFFER'S CLOCK, BUT OL' BESSIE AN' ME ARE TICKIN' AGAIN!
AND YOU MAKIN' THREATENIN' PHONE CALLS AIN'T SOMETHIN' WE LOOK KINDLY UPON!
BOMBER BILL
IN OTHER WORDS, YOUR DIME'S JUST RUN OUT, MISTER!
SSNAP P
BY SEVERING MY CABLE CONNECTIONS, FLESHLING...
RRIPP
YOU'VE ONLY FREED ME TO KILL YOU!
HEY! TAKE YOUR OL' RUSTY PAWS OFFA BESSIE!
BOMBER BILL!
I HAVE YOU, BOMBER BILL!
TH-THANKS!
ARRGH!

THE ENERGY SURGE CAUSED BY THE SUDDEN DISCONNECTION IS DESTROYING THE SCRAMBLER--BUT NO MATTER!
THE MESSAGE WAS TRANSMITTED--AT LEAST MOST OF IT WAS!

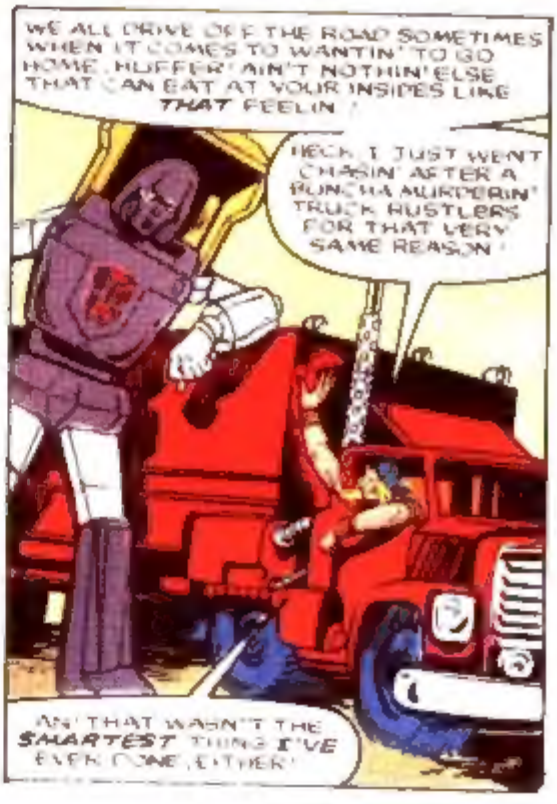

OUR MISSION HERE IS COMPLETE! DEVASTATOR, YOUR COORDINATION AND THINKING AS ONE UNIT WAS NOTICEABLY DEFICIENT! RETURN TO YOUR SIX SEPARATE VEHICULAR FORMS, CONSTRUCTICONS!

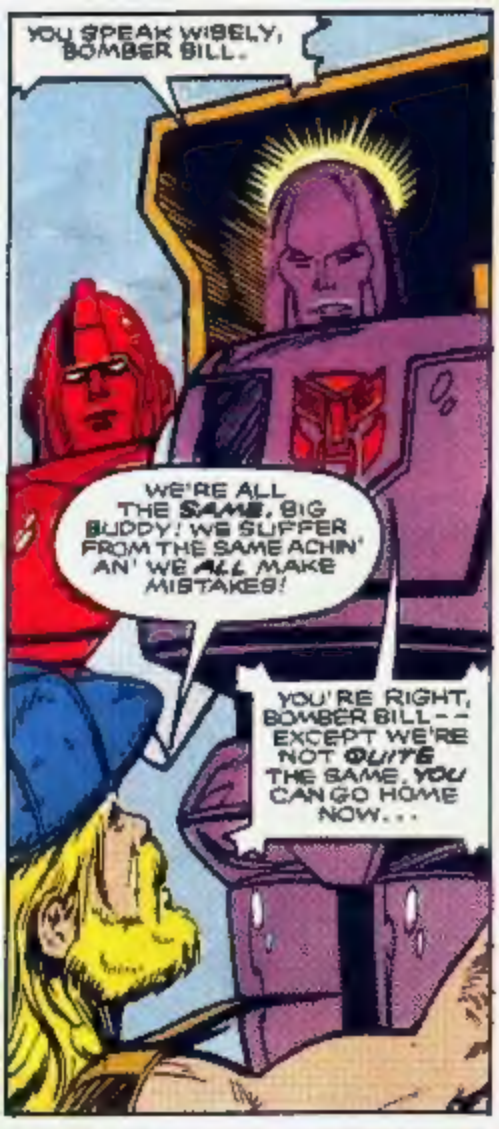

THE TIME HAS COME...


TO LEAVE!
SOUNDWAVE JUMPS ON LONG HAUL...

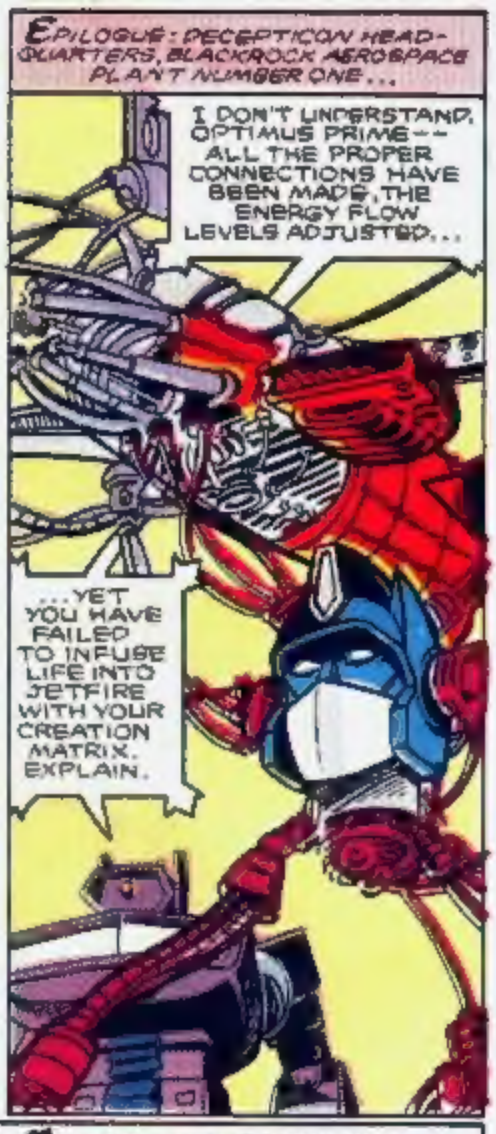
AND THE CONSTRUCTICONS RUMBLE OFF INTO THE SUNRISE...
LET THEM GO! WE'RE IN NO SHAPE TO CHASE THEM AFTER THE BEATING WE JUST TOOK!
FELLOW AUTOBOTS...

I ASK YOU TO FORGIVE ME FOR MY POOR JUDGMENT. I... I ALLOWED MY LONGING FOR REVENGE AGAINST CYBERTRON TO BLIND ME. I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN EVER MAKE UP FOR MY MISTAKE


WE ALL DRIVE OFF THE ROAD SOMETIMES WHEN IT COMES TO WANTIN' TO GO HOME, HUFFER! AIN'T NOTHIN' ELSE THAT CAN EAT AT YOUR INSIDES LIKE THAT FEELIN'!
HECK, I JUST WENT CHASIN' AFTER A BUNCHA MURDERIN' TRUCK RUSTLERS FOR THAT VERY SAME REASON!
AN' THAT WASN'T THE SMARTEST THING I'VE EVER DONE, EITHER!

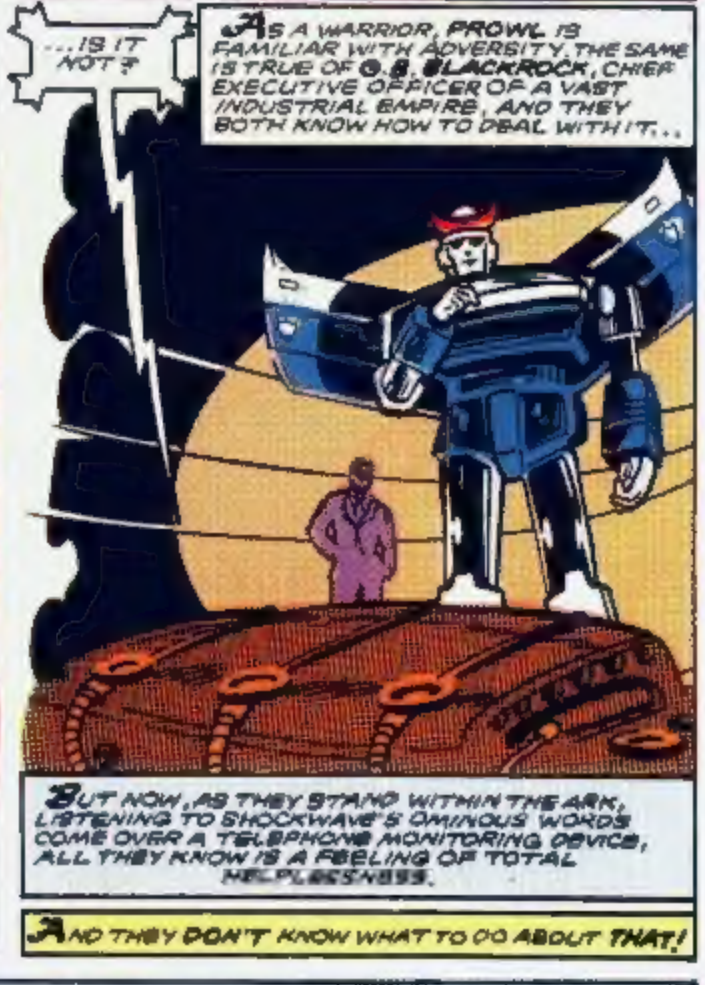

YOU SPEAK WISELY, BOMBER BILL.
WE'RE ALL THE SAME, BIG BUDDY! WE SUFFER FROM THE SAME ACHIN' AN' WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES!
YOU'RE RIGHT, BOMBER BILL -- EXCEPT WE'RE NOT QUITE THE SAME. YOU CAN GO HOME NOW...

...I CAN'T.


EPILOGUE: DECEPTICON HEADQUARTERS, BLACKROCK AEROSPACE PLANT NUMBER ONE...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, OPTIMUS PRIME -- ALL THE PROPER CONNECTIONS HAVE BEEN MADE, THE ENERGY FLOW LEVELS ADJUSTED...
...YET YOU HAVE FAILED TO INFUSE LIFE INTO JETFIRE WITH YOUR CREATION MATRIX. EXPLAIN.

I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY, SHOCKWAVE.
I SHALL HAVE THE CIRCUITRY RECHECKED. BUT IF ALL IS IN ORDER -- AS I EXPECT IT SHALL BE -- THEN THE PROBLEM MUST LIE WITHIN YOU.

AND IF IT TURNS OUT YOU CAN NO LONGER PROVIDE ME WITH THE CREATION MATRIX...
...THEN IT IS LOGICAL THAT I NO LONGER HAVE ANY REASON TO LET YOU CONTINUE LIVING...


...IS IT NOT?
AS A WARRIOR, PROWL IS FAMILIAR WITH ADVERSITY. THE SAME IS TRUE OF C.E.O. BLACKROCK, CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF A VAST INDUSTRIAL EMPIRE, AND THEY BOTH KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH IT...
BUT NOW, AS THEY STAND WITHIN THE ARK, LISTENING TO SHOCKWAVE'S OMINOUS WORDS COME OVER A TELEPHONE MONITORING DEVICE, ALL THEY KNOW IS A FEELING OF TOTAL HELPLESSNESS.
AND THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT THAT!

NEXT: BRAINSTORM!